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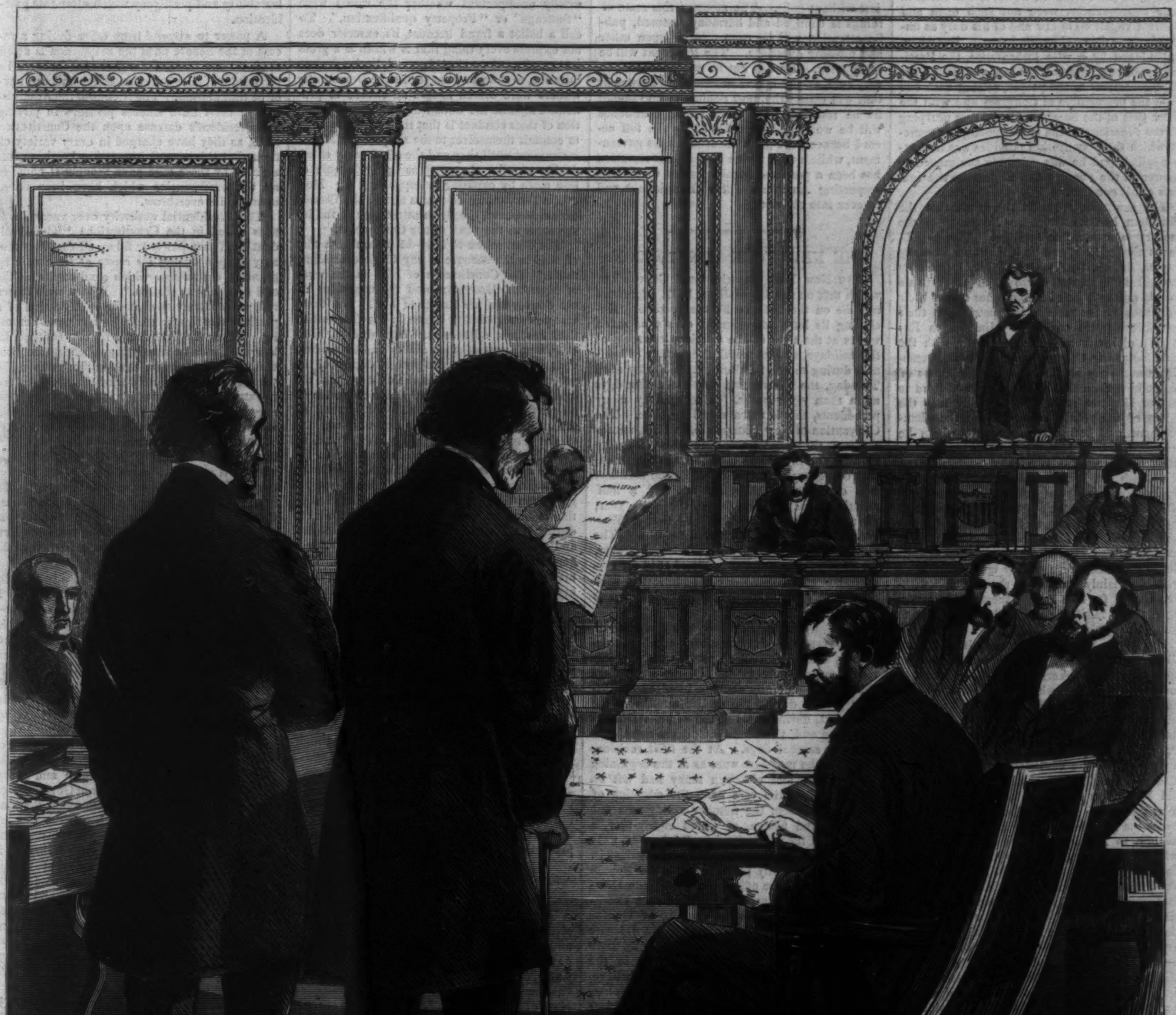


IMPEACHMENT—THADDEUS STEVENS AND JOHN A. BINGHAM BEFORE THE SENATE.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 163.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1868.

THE NATIONAL INQUEST.

THE President of the United States is impeached, and will be tried under the Constitution and by the laws; and Mayor HOFFMAN of New York made an exceedingly silly remark when he said that the assassins of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and the impeachers of ANDREW JOHNSON will be equally infamous in history. Whether Mr. HOFFMAN seriously thinks so, or merely said so under the pressure of party necessity, he is equally to be pitied. The immediate and remarkable change of opinion and of action upon the part of the House of Representatives was sufficient to show that impeachment was not a party measure. Indeed, however desirable it might have been thought in an exclusively party view, it was the almost unanimous conviction of the dominant party that the offenses of the President, however disastrous in their consequences, were not such open and absolute violations of law and of his duty as imperatively to demand impeachment. But when, emboldened by a wise forbearance, the President pointedly violated the law and defied the Representatives of the people, seizing with one hand the prerogative of Congress and with the other that of the Supreme Court, thus usurping all the functions of the Government, the remedy which the Constitution provides was instantly applied, and he was solemnly summoned to answer to the country and to declare the reasons of his conduct.

The summons revealed the truth that the President had no friends. No party in the country is responsible for him. The Republicans elected him, and he has striven in every way to defeat their policy. The Democrats thought him rather worse than CALIGULA'S horse; and although he nominates one of their advocates for the mission to Austria, and their late Presidential candidate Minister to England; although he consorts chiefly with the most notorious Copperheads, and hails Democratic successes at the polls as vindications of his policy; although he has struggled hard to deliver the late rebel States wholly into the power of the rebels, and to cause the abandonment and betrayal of those to whom he promised to be a MOSES; yet the Democratic party have seen his two chief Secretaryships filled with old Whigs and Republicans, while the faithful have been kept from a monopoly of the patronage. This is the mortal sin which "the natural governors of the country" never forgive, and the Democrats, who were glad enough to use him as a party weapon against the Republicans, turn quietly upon their heels when he plainly transcends the law, and without a word for him betake themselves to maligning and falsifying those who bring him to judgment.

But all the Democratic orators in Congress, all the newspapers which oppose the impeachment, all the speakers at the "Conservative" meeting of protest—whether the wise Mr. GERARD, the consistent Mr. BROOKS, or the foolish Mr. HOFFMAN—say but two things: first, that Mr. STANTON was not appointed by the President; and, second, that the President has a right to test the constitutionality of the law. The first point is a very small quibble. How did Mr. STANTON happen to be Secretary of War under the present Administration? Because the President, finding him in office, invited him to remain. It was the only way in which, under the circumstances, he could have been appointed; and it would be very hard to show that the request to remain was not a perfect appointment. As to the second point, the simple and sufficient reply is that if the President chooses to test a law he must do it as every other citizen does—at the risk of the consequences. The police do not release a sneak-thief until the constitutionality of the law against larceny, which he declares that he questions, can be determined. He is tried for violating the law. The position taken by the opponents of impeachment is really that when the President vetoes a proposed law for unconstitutionality, and it is passed over his veto by the constitutional two-thirds, he may still impose his veto, and refuse to obey the law until the Court holds it to be valid. If this be not a fundamental change in our system of government, we should like to know what would be? If this be not revolution, there is no such thing.

One of the most persistent defamers of Congress says that "it can not be unlawful for the President to violate an unconstitutional law, which is simply no law at all." If this means any thing, it is that the President may decide the question of constitutionality; or may refuse to execute the law until he can have a decision of the Supreme Court. But if he may refuse to execute one law he may refuse to execute all laws, until he has such a decision, and all legislation must wait, if he chooses to call it unconstitutional, until the Court pronounces; the Court, of course, taking its own time. When the people of the United States assent to such a doctrine as this they will assent to the overthrow of their own power, and will have intrusted the Government to one man elected for four years, and to nine men appointed for life.

Those who think impeachment an exciting disturbance are mainly the supporters of the reaction which would place the country as nearly as possible just where it was before the war. But the great national necessity is not the restoration of the old Southern policy in the Government—it is the completion of its destruction. What we want is peace, and what hinders it? The President. His obstinate refusal to co-operate with Congress, whether in the matter of the Freedman's Bureau, of the civil rights of all citizens, of the Constitutional Amendment, or of the final reconstruction policy, has produced all the turmoil of the last two years. With the Government a unit in its general political policy, it can have time to attend to the financial and other necessities of the time. But those who sneer at Congress for doing nothing but discuss reconstruction forget that not only is that of necessity the paramount question, but that with the Executive incessantly striving to baffle its policy, Congress could not desert its constant care of the subject without guilt. The moment this state of things is changed and harmony restored, public attention will be concentrated upon other and pressing questions. The President will be fairly tried. He will not be convicted, we are very sure, except upon testimony and argument that will satisfy the most doubting; and should he be removed from office public confidence will be wonderfully quickened by the full accord between the great branches of the government, while a man whose conspicuous elevation has been a profound humiliation to every self-respecting American will sink suddenly and forever into oblivion.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

THE New York Constitutional Convention, which met on the 4th of June, 1867, adjourned *sine die* on the 28th of February, 1868. Excluding its long adjournment of six or seven weeks at the time of the election, its recess at the holidays, and its practical cessation of business during most of its term from Friday until Tuesday, the Convention has sat a few days more than six months. Measured by many precedents, this is not a very long time. The Convention of New Hampshire, in 1791, sat for a year; that of Vermont, in 1820, for nine months, and in 1841 for nine and a half months; that of Pennsylvania, in 1837, for ten months; that of Ohio, in 1850, for ten and a half months; that of Virginia, in the same year, for nine and a half months; and that of Massachusetts, in 1853, for nine months. The New York Convention of 1821 sat, however, for fifteen weeks only, and that of 1846 for seventeen weeks. But the chief interest in such an assembly is what it did, not how long it was doing it.

The Convention of 1867-68 was composed of one hundred and sixty members, of whom thirty-two, sixteen from each party, were appointed by mutual agreement. Of these members there were generally about a hundred and fifteen present during the earlier months of the term, but, during some of the winter weeks toward the end, there was sometimes not a quorum for several days. At the final revision, however, the members were as at the beginning of the term, and although many had left on Friday, before the vote upon the adoption of the Constitution, the number voting was one hundred and fifteen, of which eighty-four, a majority of the whole number of delegates, were for the Constitution, and thirty-one against it. This was a strictly party vote, all the Republicans voting in the affirmative and all the Democrats in the negative, with the single exception of Mr. SOLOMON TOWNSEND, of Queens County. There was no more candid delegate than Mr. TOWNSEND, and for none was more kindly feeling entertained. He was in the Convention of 1846, and his father, we believe, in that of 1821; and he was a model of fidelity, always present and always ready. Mr. TOWNSENL generally voted with his party, but upon the question of the adoption he differed with his friends, saying, and very truly, "their excuses are trivial, and the Constitution is an improvement upon that of '46." This is high praise from a friend and disciple of MICHAEL HOFFMAN.

Mr. TOWNSEND, we think, justly estimated the conduct of his party friends in voting against the adoption of the Constitution. Mr. SANFORD E. CHURCH, one of the Democratic chiefs of the State, is substantially the author of the Finance article in the new instrument; Judge COMSTOCK was a most active and interested member of the Judiciary Committee, and did not conceal his hearty approval of the new Judiciary article; and Senator HENRY C. MURPHY supplied to the Constitution its definition of the power of Mayors of cities. But all these gentlemen voted against the adoption of the Constitution by the Convention; and Mr. CHURCH dissented for himself, Mr. MURPHY, Judge COMSTOCK, Mr. CORNING, and Judge ROBERTSON, from the address to the people which commends the work of the Convention; an address prepared by a Committee of ten members of which they were half.

When the final voting began Mr. BERGEN stated that he voted No, because of a general provision for equality of taxation; Mr. DEVELIN for what he called a discrimination against foreigners, which he did not explain and would probably have found it difficult to explain; while Judge COMSTOCK and Judge A. J. PARKER made no objection to any provision of the instrument, but declared the method of its submission a fraud, and so voted against the Constitution itself.

What these gentlemen called a fraud is simply a ballot labeled "Property qualification," and which, upon the inside, contains the words "Property qualification for colored men." They call it a fraud because the words are not also printed upon the outside; although it is hardly a wild flight of imagination to suppose that voters usually look into their ballots to see what they are voting for. In this case we think the label might wisely have been simply "Suffrage," or else have repeated the words upon the inside; but inasmuch as a label is merely an indication of what is within, it was wholly unimportant whether the words were "Suffrage" or "Property qualification." To call a ballot a fraud because its exterior does not express every thing that is within is a gross misuse of words, and only served, in the present instance, to show to what straits the Democratic leaders were driven to find an excuse to pronounce against the Constitution. The explanation of their conduct is that they were unwilling to commit themselves to the support of the new instrument until they and the other party chiefs decide whether the party as such will gain or lose more by opposing or supporting it. Most of the Democratic delegates signed the Constitution, however, simply in attestation of the instrument as the work of the Convention.

The Convention of 1867-68 differs from that of 1846 in the absence of any single controlling mind. The Constitution of 1846 is the work of MICHAEL HOFFMAN, and the traditions of the Convention are stories of him. But there was no corresponding figure in the Convention that has just adjourned. It contained, however, many men of great ability and experience upon both sides; and the general dignity of the proceedings, the ability of the debates, and the agreeable personal relations of the delegates of all parties were remarkable. Very much of the uniform high *tone* of the assembly was due to the President, WILLIAM A. WHEELER, of Franklin County, in the northern part of the State; and there was never a more spontaneous and striking expression of real respect and regard than that which followed the resolution of thanks to the President, which was introduced during Mr. WHEELER'S absence by Mr. BROOKS, and warmly supported by him and by various gentlemen of all parties. Simple dignity of manner, an accurate knowledge of Parliamentary law, the utmost promptitude in ruling, an inflexible justice to all sides, and exhaustless patience and courtesy, were the characteristics of Mr. WHEELER as President. His impartiality was absolute, and during the entire term of the Convention there was no appeal from one of his decisions. Mr. WHEELER'S little speech of farewell was altogether manly and admirable; and at its close the delegates lingered, saying their last words to each other with a sincerity and warmth that were the highest evidence of the mutual respect with which they parted.

We shall hereafter speak of the changes proposed in the present Constitution, and we have little doubt that when the people learn what their delegates have done they will heartily approve the work.

IMPEACHMENT.

THE question whether the power to remove civil officers of the United States, appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, is devolved by the Constitution on the President singly, or on him in conjunction with the Senate, has never received a judicial interpretation. HAMILTON, in the 77th No. of the *Federalist*, declared that "*the consent of that body would be necessary to displace as well as to appoint.*" But the First Congress, in 1789, after very able debate, in effect decided—Vice-President ADAMS giving the casting vote—that such consent was unnecessary. The words of the Act creating the War Department, "that whenever the Secretary shall be removed from office *by the President*," contemplated that such officer was thus removable. This is considered a legislative construction of the Constitution. The Tenure-of-Office Act, however, passed March 2, 1867, gave it a new and different construction, by providing "that every person holding any civil office, to which he has been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate...... shall be entitled to hold such office until a successor shall have been *in like manner* appointed and duly qualified, except as herein otherwise provided. Provided that the Secretaries...... of War, and......shall hold their offices respectively for and during the *term* of the President by whom they have been appointed, and for one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." This Act was intended to assert the doctrine of HAMILTON, so far as concerns removal, though it provided for suspension, and in terms repeals all laws which are inconsistent with it. It consequently repeals so much of the Act of 1789 as amounts to a legislative recognition of such power of removal as residing in the President alone.

The President supposes that the language of the above proviso takes the case of the Secretary of War out of the reach of what precedes it; but it will appear that this is mere subterfuge. The *term* referred to in it is the *term* of four years from March 4, 1865, which has not yet expired. This was his construction of the Act when he suspended Mr. STANTON under its provisions.

Has the Congress power to pass this Act, or, in other words, is it the true interpretation of the Constitution? The question is of the highest importance, not alone as one upon which the trial will turn, but in its effect upon the welfare of the country. To the unbridled use of the power of removal, indulged in without the restraint of the Senate, is due much of the universal desire for office that prevails, and the instability and profligacy which attend its gratification.

A power to *suspend* from office during a recess of the Senate until the suspension is acted upon by the Senate, the circumstances to be reported, supplies every necessity and can never be thus abused. The friends of the Administration must have sincere pleasure in placing the President's defense upon the Constitution itself, as they have charged in every variety of form that this sacred instrument has been lost sight of by those who have thought it equal to all the emergencies which have been relied upon for its overthrow.

The Presidential authority over vacancies is thus stated in the Constitution: "The President shall have power to fill up all *vacancies* that may happen during *the recess of the Senate* by granting *commissions* which shall expire at the end of the next session." It is a well-known rule of construction that the specification of a particular authority excludes a general authority. If, as the President's friends contend, he is armed, as a necessary ingredient of the general executive power, with authority to make vacancies and fill them during the sitting of the Senate, or otherwise, at his pleasure, this clause expressing when and how he may fill particular vacancies is idle. Leaving out of view the Act of 1867, above quoted, it may be affirmed that there was no "vacancy" in the office of Secretary of War; and if there were, it did not occur during the "recess of the Senate." Mr. Stanton was in possession of his office during the sitting of the Senate, and his removal was attempted at that time. The case, therefore, has no connection with the sixth section of the Tenure-of-Office Act.

It is contended that the proviso in the Act of March 1867, supposes that the Secretary is thus removable. To this we have two answers—first, that the very opposite was intended, as the President well knew and so decided; and secondly, that it is not in the power of Congress to confer on him *alone* this authority. The Constitution in the section immediately preceding the one already quoted, § 2, art. 2, provides that "the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such *inferior officers* as they think proper in the *President alone*, in the Courts of law, or in the Heads of Departments." The War Department, being a known and recognized department in all important Governments, could not have been referred to under the head of "inferior officers;" and hence the appointment of Secretary of War—an office not mentioned in the Constitution—is not embraced in this provision, but belongs to that intended in the next preceding clause, as follows: "he (the President) shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint embassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States, *whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for and which shall be established by law.*"

The clauses "the executive power shall be vested in a President," and that "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed," can not be deemed to override the effect direct and implied of these special and definite provisions. They limit the power of the President acting singly to make appointments, or rather "to grant commissions" (for such is the language) to cases of "vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate," and they also limit the power of Congress to "inferior officers," as those, the appointment of which may be vested in the President, etc.

It is clear, therefore, to us that HAMILTON was correct in saying that by the Constitution the consent of the Senate is "necessary to displace as well as to appoint." If such is the case this consent can not be dispensed with by act of Congress. It is unnecessary to consider whether or not the President had power to *suspend* the Secretary of War under the sixth section of the Tenure-of-Office Act, as this was not the character of the late proceeding. Was the President guilty of an impeachable offense in attempting, during the sitting of the Senate, to *remove* Mr. STANTON, and put Major-General

THOMAS as Secretary *ad interim* in possession of the War Department? A Secretary *ad interim*, except in the contingency of a suspension of the chief officer, is unknown to our laws. The act creating the Department provided that, in case of vacancy, the chief clerk shall act till the vacancy is filled. It was an attempt, therefore, to place a wholly irresponsible person in a position of high trust, which of itself is an impeachable offense, even if the other is not. The removal also was in open and clear violation of what Congress intended by the Tenure-of-Office Act. To fix the tenure of office is a legislative power and duty, and as the Secretary of War is an officer created wholly by Congress, it is competent for Congress to prevent his removal, except in the manner *implied* in his appointment—that is to say, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate*. Such is the act. It was passed in precise conformity with the Constitution, and declares that its violation shall be deemed a high misdemeanor. The President is brought, therefore, within its provisions, and, when the attending circumstances are considered, the violation should be treated as willful. At the time of General GRANT'S appointment as Secretary of War *ad interim*, Mr. STANTON had been *suspended* under the sixth section of the Tenure-of-Office Act, which provided for such suspension in case of misconduct in office, or for crime, or for incapability, or for legal disqualification. The suspension for any of these supposed causes was, as the country well knows, a fraud upon the Act, and he was restored by a vote of the Senate. On the 21st February the President, instead of proceeding to repeat the offense, notified Mr. STANTON that he was *removed*, and he so informed the Senate, and also that he had appointed Major-General THOMAS Secretary *ad interim*, an appointment under the circumstances wholly without precedent or authority. The correspondence at the time of several newspapers in the interests of the President proved, after Major-General THOMAS'S failure was known, that the latter had proceeded unskillfully and inefficiently, or he might, they suppose, have obtained possession and secured complete command of the Department. The frequency and uniformity of this criticism on the conduct of Major-General THOMAS suggest the inference that a *coup d'état* was meditated, and that its failure caused universal disappointment. If the movement had succeeded to place this irresponsible officer in possession and control of all the material of war, the whole power of the administration would doubtless have been employed to hold the place in defiance of Congress and of the loyal sentiment of the country. To what lengths the President would have gone, acting through an officer unknown to the laws, it is impossible to say. His aim is the succession to power. His means a violation of the Constitution. It is right, therefore, to suppose that if he could have wielded the War Department in all its infinite ramifications, he would have accomplished his objects, if necessary, by force.

In lieu of this it is more probable he will find that if justice is slow in her steps she is at least firm in her grasp and certain to inflict punishment for such a grave transgression. Even if the President had the power of *removal* he had not the power to appoint Major-General THOMAS as Secretary *ad interim*, as he could do that only in the contingency of the suspension of Mr. STANTON. His right to appoint another in the place of Mr. STANTON he could exercise only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and it would take effect only after such consent. Much sympathy for the President has been claimed, on the ground that the Secretary of War is a member of his Cabinet and should be in unison with him. The President's power over the Heads of Departments is thus defined in § 2 of art. 2: "He may require the opinion in *writing* of the principal officers in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the *duties of their respective offices*," showing that the construction of a cabinet, one member to give opinions as to the duties of the others, was not contemplated. The creation of a cabinet is the offspring of custom, and in no manner changes the Constitution.

The clause subjecting civil officers to impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors has a signification in its relation to the Presidential office, varying from that which applies to inferior civil offices. The elevated character of the position gives to the President's violations of law, and to his assaults upon Congress, an influence too important to be overlooked. An attempt to bring that Department into disgrace, or to weaken its authority by representing it as hanging on the verge of the Government, and as not constituted according to the Constitution—uttered on the stump and to large assemblages—amounts to a prostitution of the Presidential office, and constitutes, along with the act in question, a clear impeachable offense under the Constitution.

It is by this instrument that the President will be condemned by the judgment of every loyal citizen, and by the more impartial judgment of History.

The question whether the Court shall be constituted with or without the Chief Justice depends on the fact whether or not Mr. JOHNSON is President; for it is on the trial of the President alone that he is to preside. The Fifth subdivision of § 1 of art. 2 provides that in case of the death of the President "the powers and duties of the said office shall devolve on the Vice-President," but it does not state that the office shall devolve upon him. He, however, was sworn in as President. This question has some bearing on the meaning of the proviso referred to, but no mere technicality should be allowed to interfere with the manifest intention of Congress.

"CONSERVATISM" IN ALABAMA.

THE circumstances of the Alabama election are daily revealed. The voters were kept from the polls by every kind of coercion. The Montgomery *Daily Mail*, the organ of Conservatism in that city, says, upon the 11th of February:

"Within the past few days a large number of negro employés have been discharged in this city, who, by voting for the negro Constitution, directly arrayed themselves against the whites and their business interests. Served them right. The negroes were warned of this in time, but many of them preferred to go with the scalawags and carpet-baggers, and against their true friends, and hence many of them are now out of employment. We are glad to see that this plan has been generally adopted in nearly all parts of the State."

The same excellent "Conservative" pride sees with pleasure that "the Mobile *Tribune* is publishing a list of the white scalawags and renegades who voted for the bogus Constitution. We print elsewhere *our* black *white* list." It exhorts the friends in the interior to send forward the names of the white voters for publication. If such judicious "Conservative" measures, assisted by the efforts of Northern Conservatism, which declares that the *Daily Mail* and its friends ought to have their own way, do not secure conciliatory reconstruction the failure must be charged to the rascally radicals.

A Union man in Alabama, and therefore a "white scalawag," sends us the following letter, which fully explains the method by which the great "Conservative" triumph was achieved. Our readers will not forget that the "Conservative" policy of the President and his Democratic friends is to give over the State of Alabama, and all the other unorganized States, to the exclusive control of the class which has thus thwarted an honest election:

"MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, *Feb.*, 1868.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"Well, the election is over, and the Union men are defeated. Rebels rule still. Causes: First, the removal of the General officers by the President, which acted like a damper upon all Union men. Secondly, the appointment, at least in this State, of one who, in trying to be impartial, was partial to the so-called Conservatives. Then the appointment of a Superintendent of Registration who is what can be called a negative man in all the senses of the word, and who appointed men for Registrars who were opposed to the Constitution, they having, in many counties, but one poll opened; and the Conservatives, challenging every vote, delayed voters, who were compelled to stand in the cold and rain for hours. The lives of voters were threatened, and they were to be driven out of their houses, and no work given to them, if they voted. In Elmore County men were so intimidated—both white and black—that they took their votes out of the box after being once in. The first day they had but one place to vote at. Efforts were made to have more opened, and statements sent to the General commanding of the facts; but the other boxes were not opened till the third and fourth days. In the mean time the voters, after staying two days and nights in the rain, lost heart and left.

"In Lowndes they had a party, headed by the Sheriff of the county for protection, who were drunk, and by their abuse and threats deterred the negroes from voting. They did not have but one poll opened till the third day—too late; for the voters had got frightened, weary, and disheartened, and had gone home.

"In this city you will see by the papers what has been the course adopted by the Conservatives. They have kept many colored and many whites from voting. Could all have voted who were willing to do so, there were more than enough to give the Constitution a majority. It is not rejected by the majority, but those who would have voted could not get the chance; for, as the Conservatives saw how they were having things their own way, they grew bolder, and used more violent means.

"From all parts of the country letters are coming in from Union men telling of their troubles, and asking if they are to be left to the mercies of the rebels. They say they must leave this country unless they can be protected. The rebels have threatened our lives, and we know not what to do. Surely Congress will not leave us to their mercies. The old times of secession days are renewed. If we are abandoned we shall be compelled to leave the State in a body: for stay here it is impossible; and if we go from here what can we do, as our all is here? Respectfully."

THE PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY.

THE President of this Company has just published a very interesting report of its affairs and condition, and of its progress since 1861. At the date named the assets of the Company were $4,201,283. It owned and employed eleven steamers in the Pacific, and carried 22,806 passengers, 28,745 tons of freight, and $41,202,985 of treasure. For the year ending October 31, 1865, immediately preceding the establishment of the route between New York and Aspinwall, the number of passengers carried was 23,046; freight, 28,745 tons; treasure, $38,911,865. In 1867, the Company's business, exclusive of that of the China branch, was as follows: passengers, 31,897; freight, 60,134 tons; treasure, $40,754,175. The gross receipts during the three periods named were $13,956,851. On the 1st of February, 1868, the Company's assets, estimated in currency, were about $28,000,000, including twenty-six steamers and various properties in the United States, China, Panama, etc. The net earnings during seven years have been $14,935,988, out of which dividends have been paid amounting to $8,374,595. The difference has been invested in steamers and other property.

Several causes have combined of late to depreciate the market value of the Company's stock, which is now selling at about 110. Among these are the enormous increase of the capital stock; the rivalry of an opposition line recently established; the controversy in the Board of Directors; and the decrease in the percentage of dividends. It is believed that the surplus earnings of the Company for some time hence will be required to fight the opposition line, and therefore not available for dividends; consequently shares are not eagerly sought for investment.

SEATS AND STOVES IN CARS.

"AN Engineer" sends us a reply to the strictures of "A Civil Engineer," in which he says:

"I did not propose to box the seats in all around, thereby cramping the space needed for the feet of passengers. I simply suggested running a bulk-head or partition from the floor of the car to the under side of the seat, striking in the centre and dividing the under side of the seat into two equal surfaces, and running parallel with the length of the same. Such an arrangement would not encroach upon the space for the feet, nor would it unfit the cars to run either east or west, but it would most effectually stop the draught, or, more properly speaking, the cold feet creator.

"The bulk-head or partition could be made of either iron or wood, at the option of the Railroad Company; the means or method of accomplishing the desired object was the object aimed at, and not the material to be used in this particular case; and if the coaches are cleaned out with a hose, as he states, I must confess my inability to see wherein the bulk-heads or partitions can prove a valid objection."

In the matter of heating "An Engineer" says:

"It will be recollected that I did not propose securing the stove beyond the possibility of being displaced in the event of an accident, but simply to construct a stove for the purpose that would hold the fire a prisoner, regardless of the nature of the smash-up, and this I contend can be done every day. But I must confess that I can not see wherein a base-burner, placed under the car, would render the danger from fire any less than with the present style of stoves.

"But, Mr. Editor, since first writing you on this subject I have had my mind constantly at work on this important matter, and have finally arrived at the firm conclusion that for the present, and till the locomotives can be so improved as to enable them to spare steam enough for the purpose, that the best method of heating railroad coaches is to appropriate a portion of the forward baggage-car for the accommodation of a small tubular boiler, which should supply steam enough to heat the cars. The ordinary piping should be placed in each coach in the most judicious manner for the diffusion of the heat. Under each car should be placed a main steam-pipe for the general supply, connected from car to car by a piece of gum hose, with a like arrangement on the opposite side for returning the condensed steam or water to the boiler again, which would avoid the necessity of carrying a large supply of water for the purpose.

"With a boiler constructed so as to keep the fire within itself, in case of an accident, the future security of passengers from being roasted alive would be complete, and I am of the opinion that economy in expense to railroad companies would eventually ensue."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE progress of impeachment has been traced in a separate column. The bill amending the Reconstruction bills, and providing that a majority of votes cast shall decide elections in the South was passed by the Senate February 25, by a vote of 28 to 6. An amendment to this bill enacts that in the elections ratifying Constitutions the voters may also elect Representatives and other officers provided for by the Constitutions. On the same day the House passed the Naval Appropriation Bill.—In the House, February 27, a communication was received from the Postmaster General, submitting the report of the Commissioners, and the plans of the proposed new Post-office for New York. The plans are approved by the Commissioners, the Postmaster-General, and the Secretary of the Interior, and an appropriation of $3,542,930 asked to carry out the project.—In a Republican caucus held on the evening of the 29th, at which 75 members of the House were present, Messrs. Stevens, Butler, Bingham, Boutwell, Wilson, Williams, and Logan were chosen to conduct the impeachment trial. This choice was confirmed by a vote in the House, March 2.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LORD DERBY resigned the Premiership of Great Britain February 25, and is succeeded by Chancellor Disraeli.

A treaty has been arranged between North Germany and the United States, relative to the rights of naturalized American citizens of German birth, of whom military service has heretofore been claimed.

Louis II., King of Bavaria, died February 28, aged 23 years.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

OF this all-absorbing episode of the times we give in this issue of the *Weekly* a full account, with illustrations of the principal and most interesting events.

The offense for which the President has been impeached is the violation of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, which he believes and declares to be unconstitutional. This act was passed by Congress and vetoed by the President; subsequently (on March 2, 1867) the bill was passed over his veto, and thereby became a law. In *suspending* rather than *removing* Mr. STANTON on a previous occasion, the President seemed desirous of accomplishing his purpose in accordance with the provisions of the law; and with the same view he sent a message to the Senate giving his reasons for the suspension. The Senate, on hearing these reasons, disapproved of his action, and Mr. STANTON was restored to his office. Mr. JOHNSON seemingly acquiesced in this decision; matters became more quiet; it seemed as if the rest of his term was to be spent in comparative peace; and so disposed was Congress to remove all obstructions to the harmonious action of the various bodies composing the Government, and to cease all action having the slightest resemblance to personal persecution of the President, that on February 13 the Impeachment Committee of the House of Representatives refused to entertain a proposition for impeachment, holding that up to that time the President had done nothing for which he could properly be impeached.

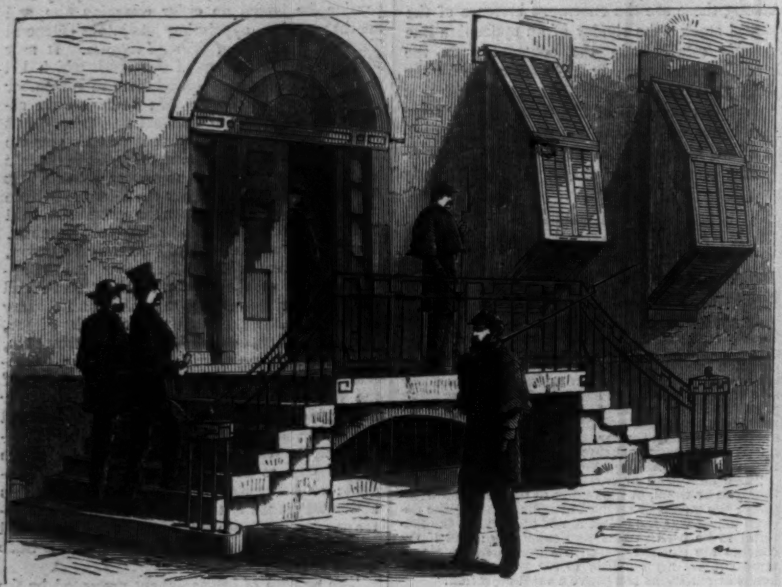
But the President reopened upon Congress on the 21st of February. Finding it impossible to rid himself of the obnoxious Secretary by suspension, he issued an order *removing* him, and another order appointing Adjutant-General THOMAS Secretary of War *ad interim*. It may be that he misinterpreted the spirit which led the House to oppose impeachment in December last by a vote of 107 to 57; he may have attributed this action to fear and hesitancy. But he claims that from the first it was his purpose to maintain his right of removal; and in his late message to the Senate he, moreover, submits that to this case of Mr. STANTON the Tenure-of-Office Bill has no application, since the commission held by the Secretary was given by President LINCOLN. The attempted removal of Secretary STANTON, the appointment of General THOMAS, and the announcement of these acts to the Senate and House of Representatives was made on February 21, and, as already described in a previous issue, great excitement ensued throughout Washington, and indeed throughout the whole country. General THOMAS formally demanded possession of the War Department, was refused, arrested for interfering with the duties of the War-office, and finally discharged on bail. The House of Representatives resolved on February 24, by a vote of 126 yeas to 47 nays, to impeach the President; on February 25 the announcement of this action was made to the Senate, and the Committee at once began to prepare the indictment. All of these events are fully illustrated in this issue of the *Weekly*.

The articles of impeachment presented by the committee February 29 are ten in number. The substance of the charges against the President is: That he, unmindful of the high duties of his office, of his oath of office, and of the requirement of the Constitution that he should take care that the laws be faithfully executed, issued an order for the removal of Secretary STANTON, with an intent to violate the Tenure-of-Office Bill; issued another order appointing Adjutant-General THOMAS Secretary of War *ad interim*, without legal authority and in violation of the Tenure-of-Office Bill and of the Constitution; conspired with General THOMAS and others to hinder Secretary STANTON, by intimidation and threats, from holding the office of Secretary of War, to prevent the execution of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, and to seize the property of the United States in the War Department; intended in the appointment of THOMAS, to unlawfully disburse moneys appropriated for the military service and for the War Department; and in disregard of the Constitution and the laws of Congress duly enacted, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, did bring before himself in Washington WILLIAM H. EMORY, a major-general by brevet in the army of the United States, actually in command of the Department of Washington and the military forces thereof, and did then and there, as such Commander-in-Chief, declare to and instruct said EMORY that part of a law of the United States, passed March 2, 1867, entitled "An act making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1868, and for other purposes," especially the second section thereof, which provides among other things that "all orders and instructions relating to military operations issued by the President or Secretary of War shall be issued through the General of the Army, and in case of his inability, through the next in rank," was unconstitutional and in contravention of the commission of said EMORY, and therefore not binding on him as an officer in the army of the United States, which said provision of law had been theretofore duly and legally promulgated by general order for the government and direction of the army of the United States, as the said ANDREW JOHNSON then and there well knew, with intent thereby to induce said EMORY in his official capacity as Commander of the Department of Washington to violate the provisions of said act, and to take and receive, act upon and obey such orders as he, the said ANDREW JOHNSON, might make and give, and which should not be issued through the General of the Army of the United States, according to the provisions of the said act. Each of these acts of the President are in the indictment styled "a high misdemeanor in office," with the exception of the conspiracy to seize upon the property of the War Department, which is pronounced a "high crime."

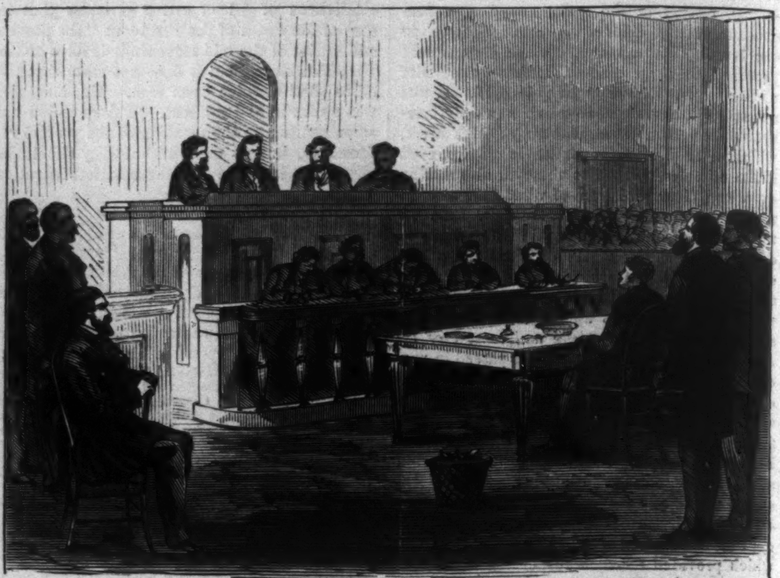
The "Guard before the War-office," illustrated on page 164, is the usual guard of honor which has for years paced before the Seventeenth Street front of the Department, and is not, as many have supposed, a special guard detailed to protect Mr. STANTON at this juncture. Persons enter the Department freely and without challenge from the sentry.

The next sketch (in chronological order) represents General THOMAS demanding the War-office of Mr. STANTON. This scene took place on February 21. General THOMAS presented the order of the President appointing him Secretary of War *ad interim* to Mr. STANTON in the latter's room of the War-office. He was courteously received by the Secretary, who asked time to consider, and General THOMAS left with a notice that he would formally demand possession of the Department at nine o'clock on the following day. In the mean time he was arrested on complaint of Secretary STANTON, and, on examination before Judge CARTTER, was released on bail. He subsequently again demanded possession of the War-office and was again refused. His trial came off on Monday, February 24, but no one appearing against him, he was discharged. He subsequently sued Secretary STANTON for false imprisonment, laying his damages at $150,000. Our sketch of the Court-room represents the scene of February 22.

As of great interest in this connection we give on pages 168 and 169 a large and beautiful engraving of the House of Representatives, showing the principal features of the architecture, and



IMPEACHMENT—THE GUARD BEFORE THE WAR OFFICE.



IMPEACHMENT—EXAMINATION OF GENERAL THOMAS.

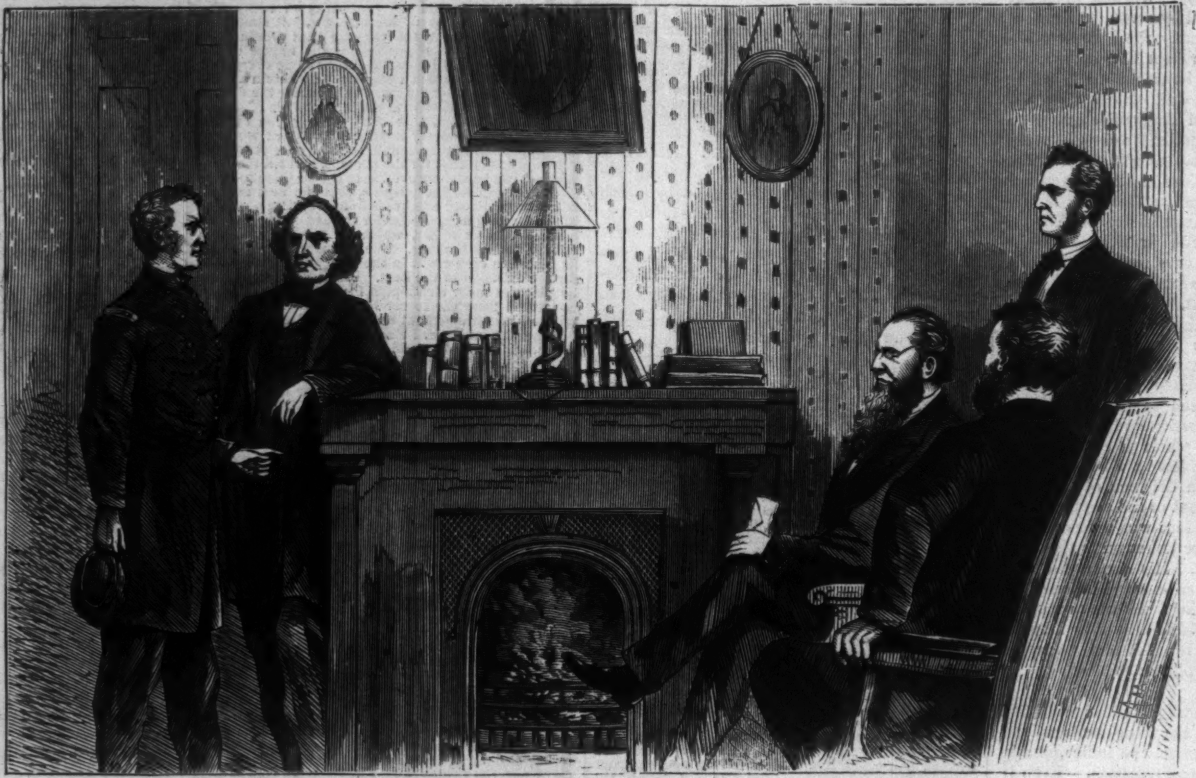
containing portraits of several of the most distinguished representatives of the present Congress. On the occasion of the adoption of the Impeachment resolution, February 24, the galleries of the House were crowded to overflowing, and the whole House presented the busy and interesting aspect delineated in our sketch.

Next in the order of their occurrence is the event illustrated in our engraving on the first page, representing Messrs. Stevens and Bingham announcing the passage of the Impeachment resolution to the Senate. This proceeding occurred on February 25. Mr. Stevens, too feeble to walk from his residence to the Senate chamber, was carried to its entrance in an arm-chair by two stout colored men, and, leaning on the arm of Mr. Bingham and supporting himself by a cane, he entered the Hall, followed by a large delegation from the House, which took position in various parts of the lobby. The Sergeant-at-arms announced a message from the House of Representatives, and Mr. Stevens, pale, emaciated, deathlike in appearance, but in a stern, vigorous voice, and in a bold, lofty manner, made this formal announcement to the Senate:

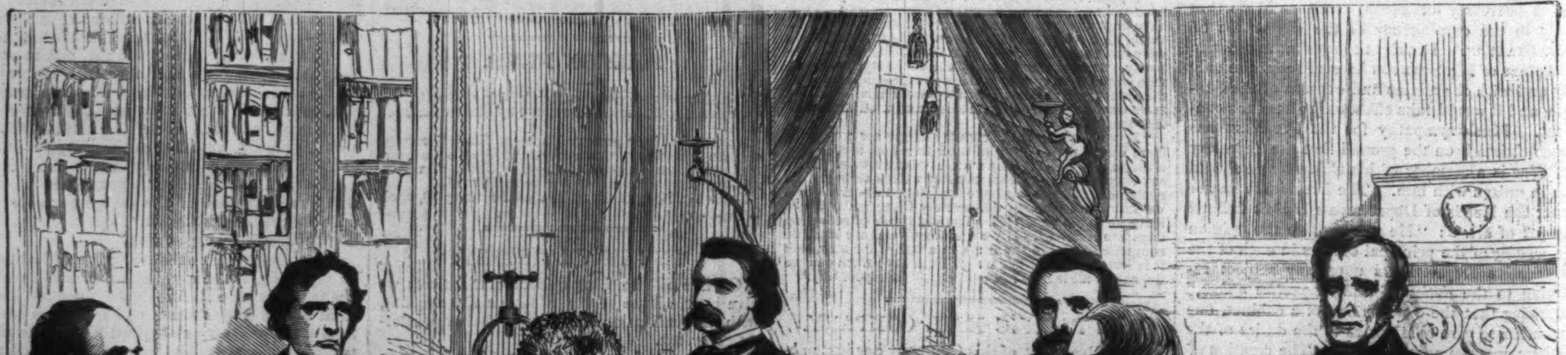
> In obedience to the order of the House of Representatives, we appear before you in the name of the House of Representatives and of all the people of the United States. We do impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors in office; and we further inform the Senate that the House of Representatives will in due time exhibit articles against him, and make good the same, and in their name we demand that the Senate take order for the appearance of said Andrew Johnson to answer said impeachment.

Mr. Wade, President of the Senate, announced that "the Senate would take order in the premises," the usual reference to a committee was made, and the Representatives withdrew.

Since the completion of these preliminary steps the Committee on Impeachment have been busily engaged in preparing the indictment. One of our engravings on this page represents the Committee in session in their room engaged in this important labor.



IMPEACHMENT—GENERAL THOMAS DEMANDING THE WAR OFFICE OF SECRETARY STANTON.



Hamilton Ward. Thaddeus Stevens. James F. Wilson. John A. Logan. George S. Boutwell. George W. Julian. John A. Bingham.

IMPEACHMENT—THE IMPEACHMENT COMMITTEE PREPARING THE INDICTMENT.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOING down to the front-door I met the Sergeant on the steps.

It went against the grain with me, after what had passed between us, to show him that I felt any sort of interest in his proceedings. In spite of myself, however, I felt an interest that there was no resisting. My sense of dignity sank from under me, and out came the words: "What news from Frizinghall?"

"I have seen the Indians," answered Sergeant Cuff. "And I have found out what Rosanna bought privately in the town on Thursday last. The Indians will be set free on Wednesday in next week. There isn't a doubt on my mind, and there isn't a doubt on Mr. Murthwaite's mind, that they came to this place to steal the Moonstone. Their calculations were all thrown out, of course, by what happened in the house on Wednesday night; and they have no more to do with the actual loss of the jewel than you have. But I can tell you one thing, Mr. Betteredge—if *we* don't find the Moonstone, *they* will. You have not heard the last of the three jugglers yet."

Mr. Franklin came back from his walk as the Sergeant said those startling words. Governing his curiosity better than I had governed mine, he passed us without a word, and went on into the house.

As for me, having already dropped my dignity, I determined to have the whole benefit of the sacrifice. "So much for the Indians," I said. "What about Rosanna, next?"

Sergeant Cuff shook his head.

"The mystery in that quarter is thicker than ever," he said. "I have traced her to a shop at Frizinghall, kept by a linen-draper named Maltby. She bought nothing whatever at any of the other drapers' shops, or at any milliners' or tailors' shops; and she bought nothing at Maltby's but a piece of long cloth. She was very particular in choosing a certain quality. As to quantity, she bought enough to make a night-gown."

"Whose night-gown?" I asked.

"Her own, to be sure. Between twelve and three, on the Thursday morning, she must have slipped down to your young lady's room, to settle the hiding of the Moonstone while all the rest of you were in bed. In going back to her own room her night-gown must have brushed the wet paint on the door. She couldn't wash out the stain; and she couldn't safely destroy the night-gown—without first providing another like it, to make the inventory of her linen complete."

"What proves that it was Rosanna's night-gown?" I objected.

"The material she bought for making the substitute dress," answered the Sergeant. "If it had been Miss Verinder's night-gown, she would have had to buy lace, and frilling, and Lord knows what besides; and she wouldn't have had time to make it in one night. Plain long cloth means a plain servant's night-gown. No, no, Mr. Betteredge—all that is clear enough. The pinch of the question is—why, after having provided the substitute dress, does she hide the smeared night-gown, instead of destroying it? If the girl won't speak out, there is only one way of settling the difficulty. The hiding-place at the Shivering Sand must be searched—and the true state of the case will be discovered there."

"How are you to find the place?" I inquired.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the Sergeant—"but that's a secret which I mean to keep to myself."

(Not to irritate your curiosity, as he irritated mine, I may here inform you that he had come back from Frizinghall, provided with a search-warrant. His experience in such matters told him that Rosanna was in all probability carrying about her a memorandum of the hiding-place, to guide her, in case she returned to it, under changed circumstances and after a lapse of time. Possessed of this memorandum, the Sergeant would be furnished with all that he could desire.)

"Now, Mr. Betteredge," he went on, "suppose we drop speculation, and get to business. I told Joyce to have an eye on Rosanna. Where is Joyce?"

Joyce was the Frizinghall policeman, who had been left by Superintendent Seegrave at Sergeant Cuff's disposal. The clock struck two as he put the question, and, punctual to the moment, the carriage came round to take Miss Rachel to her aunt's.

"One thing at a time," said the Sergeant, stopping me as I was about to send in search of Joyce. "I must attend to Miss Verinder first."

As the rain was still threatening, it was the close carriage that had been appointed to take Miss Rachel to Frizinghall. Sergeant Cuff beckoned Samuel to come down to him from the rumble behind.

"You will see a friend of mine waiting among the trees, on this side of the lodge gate," he said. "My friend, without stopping the carriage, will get up into the rumble with you. You have nothing to do but to hold your tongue, and shut your eyes. Otherwise, you will get into trouble."

With that advice he sent the footman back to his place. What Samuel thought I don't know. It was plain, to my mind, that Miss Rachel was to be privately kept in view from the time she left our house—if she did leave it. A watch set on my young lady! A spy behind her in the rumble of her mother's carriage! I could have cut my own tongue out for having forgotten myself so far as to speak to Sergeant Cuff.

"TRY TO FORGIVE ME, MAMMA."

The first person to come out of the house was my lady. She stood aside, on the top step, posting herself there to see what happened. Not a word did she say, either to the Sergeant or to me. With her lips closed, and her arms folded in the light garden-cloak which she had wrapped round her on coming into the air, there she stood, as still as a statue, waiting for her daughter to appear.

In a minute more Miss Rachel came down stairs, very nicely dressed in some soft yellow stuff that set off her dark complexion, and clipped her tight (in the form of a jacket) round the waist. She had a smart little straw-hat on her head, with a white veil twisted round it. She had primrose-colored gloves that fitted her hands like a second skin. Her beautiful black hair looked as smooth as satin under her hat. Her little ears were like rosy shells—they had a pearl dangling from each of them. She came swiftly out to us, as straight as a lily on its stem, and as lithe and supple in every movement she made as a young cat. Nothing that I could discover was altered in her pretty face but her eyes and her lips. Her eyes were brighter and fiercer than I liked to see; and her lips had so completely lost their color and their smile that I hardly knew them again. She kissed her mother in a hasty and sudden manner on the cheek. She said, "Try to forgive me, mamma"—and then pulled down her veil over her face so vehemently that she tore it. In another moment she had run down the steps, and had rushed into the carriage as if it was a hiding-place.

Sergeant Cuff was just as quick on his side. He put Samuel back, and stood before Miss Rachel, with the open carriage-door in his hand, at the instant when she settled herself in her place.

"What do you want?" says Miss Rachel, from behind her veil.

"I want to say one word to you, miss," answered the Sergeant, "before you go. I can't presume to stop your paying a visit to your aunt. I can only venture to say that your leaving us, as things are now, puts an obstacle in the way of my recovering your Diamond. Please to understand that; and now decide for yourself whether you go or stay."

Miss Rachel never even answered him. "Drive on, James!" she called out to the coachman.

Without another word the Sergeant shut the carriage-door. Just as he closed it Mr. Franklin came running down the steps. "Good-by, Rachel," he said, holding out his hand.

"Drive on!" cried Miss Rachel, louder than ever, and taking no more notice of Mr. Franklin than she had taken of Sergeant Cuff.

Mr. Franklin stepped back thunder-struck, as well he might be. The coachman, not knowing what to do, looked toward my lady, still standing immovable on the top step. My lady, with anger and sorrow and shame all struggling together in her face, made him a sign to start the horses, and then turned back hastily into the house. Mr. Franklin, recovering the use of his speech, called after her, as the carriage drove off, "Aunt! you were quite right. Accept my thanks for all your kindness—and let me go."

My lady turned as though to speak to him. Then, as if distrusting herself, waved her hand kindly. "Let me see you before you leave us, Franklin," she said, in a broken voice—and went on to her own room.

"Do me a last favor, Betteredge," says Mr. Franklin, turning to me, with the tears in his eyes. "Get me away to the train as soon as you can!"

He too went his way into the house. For the moment Miss Rachel had completely unmanned him. Judge from that how fond he must have been of her!

"IN THE FEWEST WORDS THE SERGEANT SHOWED THEM THE EVIDENCE OF THE FOOTMARKS."

Sergeant Cuff and I were left face to face at the bottom of the steps. The Sergeant stood with his face set toward a gap in the trees, commanding a view of one of the windings of the drive which led from the house. He had his hands in his pockets, and he was softly whistling the Last Rose of Summer to himself.

"There's a time for every thing," I said, savagely enough. "This isn't a time for whistling."

At that moment the carriage appeared in the distance, through the gap, on its way to the lodge-gate. There was another man besides Samuel plainly visible in the rubble behind.

"All right!" said the Sergeant to himself. He turned round to me. "It's no time for whistling, Mr. Betteredge, as you say. It's time to take this business in hand now without sparing any body. We'll begin with Rosanna Spearman. Where is Joyce?"

We both called for Joyce, and received no answer. I sent one of the stable-boys to look for him.

"You heard what I said to Miss Verinder?" remarked the Sergeant, while we were waiting. "And you saw how she received it? I tell her plainly that her leaving us will be an obstacle in the way of my recovering her Diamond—and she leaves, in the face of that statement! Your young lady has got a traveling companion in her mother's carriage, Mr. Betteredge—and the name of it is, The Moonstone."

I said nothing. I only held on like death to my belief in Miss Rachel.

The stable-boy came back, followed—very unwillingly, as it appeared to me—by Joyce.

"Where is Rosanna Spearman?" asked Sergeant Cuff.

"I can't account for it, Sir," Joyce began; "and I am very sorry. But somehow or other—"

"Before I went to Frizinghall," said the Sergeant, cutting him short, "I told you to keep your eye on Rosanna Spearman, without allowing her to discover that she was being watched. Do you mean to tell me that you have let her give you the slip?"

"I am afraid, Sir," says Joyce, beginning to tremble, "that I was perhaps a little *too* careful not to let her discover me. There are such a many passages in the lower parts of this house—"

"How long is it since you missed her?"

"Nigh on an hour since, Sir."

"You can go back to your regular business at Frizinghall," said the Sergeant, speaking just as composedly as ever, in his usual quiet and dreary way. "I don't think your talents are at all in our line, Mr. Joyce. Your present form of employment is a trifle beyond you. Good-morning."

The man slunk off. I find it very difficult to describe how I was affected by the discovery that Rosanna Spearman was missing. I seemed to be in fifty different minds about it, all at the same time. In that state I stood staring at Sergeant Cuff—and my powers of language quite failed me.

"No, Mr. Betteredge," said the Sergeant, as if he had discovered the uppermost thought in me, and was picking it out to be answered, before all the rest. "Your young friend, Rosanna, won't slip through my fingers so easily as you think. As long as I know where Miss Verinder is, I have the means at my disposal of tracing Miss Verinder's accomplice. I prevented them from communicating last night. Very good. They will get together at Frizinghall instead of getting together here. The present inquiry must be simply shifted (rather sooner than I had anticipated) from this house to the house at which Miss Verinder is visiting. In the mean time, I'm afraid I must trouble you to call the servants together again."

I went round with him to the servants' hall. It is very disgraceful, but it is none the less true, that I had another attack of the detective-fever when he said those last words. I forgot that I hated Sergeant Cuff. I seized him confidentially by the arm. I said, "For goodness sake, tell us what you are going to do with the servants now?"

The great Cuff stood stock-still, and addressed himself in a kind of melancholy rapture to the empty air.

"If this man," said the Sergeant (apparently meaning me), "only understood the growing of roses, he would be the most completely perfect character on the face of creation!" After that strong expression of feeling he sighed, and put his arm through mine. "This is how it stands," he said, dropping down again to business. "Rosanna has done one of two things. She has either gone direct to Frizinghall (before I can get there), or she has gone first to visit her hiding-place at the Shivering Sand. The first thing to find out is, which of the servants saw the last of her before she left the house."

On instituting this inquiry, it turned out that the last person who had set eyes on Rosanna was Nancy, the kitchen-maid.

Nancy had seen her slip out with a letter in her hand, and stop the butcher's man who had just been delivering some meat at the back-door. Nancy had heard her ask the man to post the letter when he got back to Frizinghall. The man had looked at the address, and had said it was a roundabout way of delivering a letter, directed to Cobb's Hole, to post it at Frizinghall—and that, moreover, on a Saturday, which would prevent the letter from getting to its destination until Monday morning. Rosanna had answered that the delivery of the letter being delayed till Monday was of no importance. The only thing she wished to be sure of was that the man would do what she told him. The man had promised to do it and had driven away. Nancy had been called back to her work in the kitchen. And no other person had seen any thing afterward of Rosanna Spearman.

"Well?" I asked, when we were alone again.

"Well," says the Sergeant. "I must go to Frizinghall."

"About the letter, Sir?"

"Yes. The memorandum of the hiding-place is in that letter. I must see the address at the post-office. If it is the address I suspect, I shall pay our friend Mrs. Yolland another visit on Monday next."

I went with the Sergeant to order the pony-chaise. In the stable-yard we got a new light thrown on the missing girl.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE news of Rosanna's disappearance had, as it appeared, spread among the out-of-door servants. They too had made their inquiries; and they had just laid hands on a quick little imp, nicknamed "Duffy"—who was occasionally employed in weeding the garden, and who had seen Rosanna Spearman as lately as half an hour since. Duffy was certain that the girl had passed him in the fir-plantation, not walking, but *running*, in the direction of the sea-shore.

"Does this boy know the coast hereabouts?" asked Sergeant Cuff.

"He has been born and bred on the coast," I answered.

"Duffy!" says the Sergeant, "do you want to earn a shilling? If you do, come along with me. Keep the pony-chaise ready, Mr. Betteredge, till I come back."

He started for the Shivering Sand at a rate that my legs (though well enough preserved for my time of life) had no hope of matching. Little Duffy, as the way is with the young savages in our parts when they are in high spirits, gave a howl, and trotted off at the Sergeant's heels.

Here, again, I find it impossible to give any thing like a clear account of the state of my mind in the interval after Sergeant Cuff had left us. A curious and stupefying restlessness got possession of me. I did a dozen different needless things in and out of the house, not one of which I can now remember. I don't even know how long it was after the Sergeant had gone to the sands when Duffy came running back with a message for me. Sergeant Cuff had given the boy a leaf torn out of his pocket-book, on which was written in pencil, "Send me one of Rosanna Spearman's boots, and be quick about it."

I dispatched the first woman-servant I could find to Rosanna's room; and I sent the boy back to say that I myself would follow him with the boot.

This, I am well aware, was not the quickest way to take of obeying the directions which I had received. But I was resolved to see for myself what new mystification was going on, before I trusted Rosanna's boot in the Sergeant's hands. My old notion of screening the girl if I could seemed to have come back on me again at the eleventh hour. This state of feeling (to say nothing of the detective-fever) hurried me off, as soon as the boot was put in my hands, at the nearest approach to a run which a man turned seventy can reasonably hope to make.

As I got near the shore the clouds gathered black and the rain came down, drifting in great white sheets of water before the wind. I heard the thunder of the sea on the sand-bank, at the mouth of the bay. A little further on I passed the boy crouching for shelter under the lee of the sand-hills. Then I saw the raging sea, and the rollers tumbling in on the sand-bank, and the driven rain sweeping over the waters like a flying garment, and the yellow wilderness of the beach with one solitary black figure standing on it—the figure of Sergeant Cuff.

He waved his hand toward the north when he first saw me. "Keep on that side!" he shouted. "And come on down here to me!"

I went down to him, choking for breath, with my heart leaping as if it was like to leap out of me. I was past speaking. I had a hundred questions to put to him; and not one of them would pass my lips. His face frightened me. I saw a look in his eyes which was a look of horror. He snatched the boot out of my hand, and set it in a footmark on the sand, bearing south from us as we stood, and pointing straight toward the rocky ledge called the South Spit. The mark was not yet blurred out by the rain—and the girl's boot fitted it to a hair.

The Sergeant pointed to the boot in the footmark, without saying a word.

I caught at his arm and tried to speak to him, and failed as I had failed when I tried before. He went on, following the footsteps down and down to where the rocks and the sand joined. The South Spit was just awash with the flowing tide; the waters heaved over the hidden face of the Shivering Sand. Now this way and now that, with an obstinate silence that fell on you like lead, with an obstinate patience that was dreadful to see, Sergeant Cuff tried the boot in the footsteps, and always found it pointing the same way—straight *to* the rocks. Hunt as he might, no sign could he find any where of the footsteps walking *from* them.

He gave it up at last. He looked again at me; and then he looked out at the waters before us, heaving in deeper and deeper over the hidden face of the Shivering Sand. I looked where he looked—and I saw his thought in his face. A dreadful dumb trembling crawled all over me on a sudden. I fell upon my knees on the sand.

"She has been back at the hiding-place," I heard the Sergeant say to himself. "Some fatal accident has happened to her on those rocks."

The girl's altered looks, and words, and actions—the numbed, deadened way in which she listened to me and spoke to me, when I had found her sweeping the corridor but a few hours since, rose up in my mind and warned me, even as the Sergeant spoke, that his guess was wide of the dreadful truth. I tried to tell him of the fear that had frozen me up. I tried to say, "The death she has died, Sergeant, was a death of her own seeking." No! the words wouldn't come. The dumb trembling held me in its grip. I couldn't feel the driving rain. I couldn't see the rising tide. As in the vision of a dream the poor lost creature came back before me. I saw her again as I had seen her in the past time—on the morning when I went to fetch her into the house. I heard her again, telling me that the Shivering Sand seemed to draw her to it against her will, and wondering whether her grave was waiting for her *there*. The horror of it struck at me, in some unfathomable way, through my own child. My girl was just her age. My girl, tried as Rosanna was tried, might have lived that miserable life, and died this dreadful death.

The Sergeant kindly lifted me up, and turned me away from the sight of the place where she had perished.

With that relief I began to fetch my breath again, and to see things about me as things really were. Looking toward the sand-hills, I saw the men-servants from out-of-doors, and the fisherman named Yolland, all running down to us together; and all having taken the alarm, calling out to know if the girl had been found. In the fewest words the Sergeant showed them the evidence of the footmarks, and told them that a fatal accident must have happened to her. He then picked out the fisherman from the rest, and put a question to him, turning about again toward the sea: "Tell me this," he said. "Could a boat have taken her off from that ledge of rock where her footmarks stop?"

The fisherman pointed to the rollers tumbling in on the sand-bank, and to the great waves leaping up in clouds of foam against the headlands on either side of us.

"No boat that ever was built," he answered, "could have got to her through *that*."

Sergeant Cuff looked for the last time at the footmarks on the sand, which the rain was now fast blurring out.

"There," he said, "is the evidence that she can't have left this place by land. And here," he went on, looking at the fisherman, "is the evidence that she can't have got away by sea." He stopped and considered for a minute. "She was seen running toward this place, half an hour before I got here from the house," he said to Yolland. "Some time has passed since then. Call it altogether an hour ago. How high would the water be at that time on this side of the rocks?" He pointed to the south side—otherwise, the side which was not filled up by the quicksand.

"As the tide makes to-day," said the fisherman, "there wouldn't have been water enough to drown a kitten on that side of the Spit an hour since."

Sergeant Cuff turned about northward toward the quicksand.

"How much on this side?" he asked.

"Less still," answered Yolland. "The Shivering Sand would have been just awash, and no more."

The Sergeant turned to me, and said that the accident must have happened on the side of the quicksand. My tongue was loosened at that. "No accident!" I told him. "When she came to this place she came, weary of her life, to end it here."

He started back from me. "How do you know?" he asked. The rest of them crowded round. The Sergeant recovered himself instantly. He put them back from me; he said I was an old man; he said the discovery had shaken me; he said, "Let him alone a little." Then he turned to Yolland and asked, "Is there any chance of finding her when the tide ebbs again?" And Yolland answered, "None. What the Sand gets the Sand keeps forever." Having said that, the fisherman came a step nearer and addressed himself to me.

"Mr. Betteredge," he said, "I have a word to say to you about the young woman's death. Four foot out, broadwise, along the side of the Spit, there's a shelf of rock about half fathom down under the sand. My question is—why didn't she strike that? If she slipped, by accident, from off the Spit, she fell in, where there's foothold at the bottom, at a depth that would barely cover her to the waist. She must have waded out, or jumped out, into the Deeps beyond—or she wouldn't be missing now. No accident, Sir! The Deeps of the Quicksand have got her. And they have got her by her own act."

After that testimony from a man whose knowledge was to be relied on the Sergeant was silent. The rest of us, like him, held our peace. With one accord we all turned back up the slope of the beach.

At the sand-hillocks we were met by Samuel, running to us from the house. The lad is a good lad, and has an honest respect for me. He handed me a little note, with a decent sorrow in his face. "Penelope found this, Mr. Betteredge," he said, "in Rosanna's room."

It was her last farewell word to the old man who had done his best—thank God, always done his best—to befriend her.

"You have often forgiven me, Mr. Betteredge, in past times. When you next see the Shivering Sand try to forgive me once more. I have found my grave where my grave was waiting for me. I have lived, and died, Sir, grateful for your kindness."

There was no more than that. Little as it was, I hadn't manhood enough to hold up against it. Your tears come easy, when you're young, and beginning the world. Your tears come easy, when you're old, and leaving it. I burst out crying.

Sergeant Cuff took a step nearer to me—meaning kindly, I don't doubt. I shrank back from him. "Don't touch me," I said. "It's the dread of you that has driven her to it."

"You are wrong, Mr. Betteredge," he answered, quietly. "But there will be time enough to speak of it when we are all indoors again."

I followed the rest of them with the help of Samuel's arm. Through the driving rain we went back—to meet the trouble and the terror that were waiting for us at the house.

CHAPTER XX.

THOSE in front had spread the news before us. We found the servants in a state of panic. As we passed my lady's door it was thrown open violently from the inner side. My mistress came out among us (with Mr. Franklin following and trying vainly to compose her), quite beside herself with the horror of the thing.

"You are answerable for this!" she cried out, threatening the Sergeant wildly with her hand. "Gabriel! give that wretch his money—and release me from the sight of him!"

The Sergeant was the only one among us who was fit to cope with her—being the only one among us who was in possession of himself.

"I am no more answerable for this distressing calamity, my lady, than you are," he said. "If, in half an hour from this, you still insist on my leaving the house, I will accept your ladyship's dismissal, but not your ladyship's money."

It was spoken very respectfully, but very firmly at the same time—and it had its effect on my mistress as well as on me. She suffered Mr. Franklin to lead her back into the room. As the door closed on the two the Sergeant, looking about among the women-servants in his observant way, noticed that, while all the rest were merely frightened, Penelope was in tears. "When your father has changed his wet clothes," he said to her, "come and speak to us in your father's room."

Before the half hour was out I had got my dry clothes on, and had lent Sergeant Cuff such change of dress as he required. Penelope came in to us to hear what the Sergeant wanted with her. I don't think I ever felt what a good dutiful daughter I had so strongly as I felt it at that moment. I took her and sat her on my knee—and I prayed God bless her. She hid her head on my bosom, and put her arms round my neck—and we waited a little while in silence. The poor dead girl must have been at the bottom of it, I think, with my daughter and with me. The Sergeant went to the window and stood there looking out. I thought it right to thank him for considering us both in this way—and I did.

People in high life have all the luxuries to themselves—among others the luxury of indulging their feelings. People in low life have no such privilege. Necessity, which spares our betters, has no pity on *us*. We learn to put our feelings back into ourselves, and to jog on with our duties as patiently as may be. I don't complain of this—I only notice it. Penelope and I were ready for the Sergeant as soon as the Sergeant was ready on his side. Asked if she knew what had led her fellow-servant to destroy herself, my daughter answered (as you will foresee) that it was for love of Mr. Franklin Blake. Asked next if she had mentioned this notion of hers to any other person, Penelope answered, "I have not mentioned it, for Rosanna's sake." I felt it necessary to add a word to this. I said, "And for Mr. Franklin's sake, my dear, as well. If Rosanna *has* died for love of him, it is not with his knowledge or by his fault. Let him leave the house to-day, if he does leave it, without the useless pain of knowing the truth." Sergeant Cuff said, "Quite right," and fell silent again; comparing Penelope's notion (as it seemed to me) with some other notion of his own which he kept to himself.

At the end of the half hour my mistress's bell rang.

On my way to answer it I met Mr. Franklin coming out of his aunt's sitting-room. He mentioned that her ladyship was ready to see Sergeant Cuff—in my presence as before—and he added that he himself wanted to say two words to the Sergeant first. On our way back to my room he stopped and looked at the railway time-table in the hall.

"Are you really going to leave us, Sir?" I asked. "Miss Rachel will surely come right again, if you only give her time."

"She will come right again," answered Mr. Franklin, "when she hears that I have gone away, and that she will see me no more."

I thought he spoke in resentment of my young lady's treatment of him. But it was not so. My mistress had noticed, from the time when the police first came into the house, that the bare mention of him was enough to set Miss Rachel's temper in a flame. He had been too fond of his cousin to like to confess this to himself, until the truth had been forced on him when she drove off to her aunt's. His eyes once opened in that cruel way which you know of, Mr. Franklin had taken his resolution—the one resolution which a man of any spirit *could* take—to leave the house.

What he had to say to the Sergeant was spoken in my presence. He described her ladyship as willing to acknowledge that she had spoken overhastily. And he asked if Sergeant Cuff would consent—in that case—to accept his fee, and to leave the matter of the Diamond where the matter stood now. The Sergeant answered, "No, Sir. My fee is paid me for doing my duty. I decline to take it until my duty is done."

"I don't understand you," says Mr. Franklin.

"I'll explain myself, Sir," says the Sergeant. "When I came here I undertook to throw the necessary light on the matter of the missing Diamond. I am now ready, and waiting, to redeem my pledge. When I have stated the case to Lady Verinder as the case now stands, and when I have told her plainly what course of action to take for the recovery of the Moonstone, the responsibility will be off my shoulders. Let her ladyship decide, after that, whether she does, or does not, allow me to go on. I shall then have done what I undertook to do—and I'll take my fee."

In those words Sergeant Cuff reminded us that,

even in the Detective Police, a man may have a reputation to lose.

The view he took was so plainly the right one that there was no more to be said. As I rose to conduct him to my lady's room he asked if Mr. Franklin wished to be present. Mr. Franklin answered, "Not unless Lady Verinder desires it." He added, in a whisper to me, as I was following the Sergeant out, "I know what that man is going to say about Rachel; and I am too fond of her to hear it and keep my temper. Leave me by myself."

I left him, miserable enough, leaning on the sill of my window, with his face hidden in his hands—and Penelope peeping through the door, longing to comfort him. In Mr. Franklin's place, I should have called her in. When you are ill-used by one woman there is great comfort in telling it to another—because, nine times out of ten, the other always takes your side. Perhaps, when my back was turned, he did call her in? In that case it is only doing my daughter justice to declare that she would stick at nothing in the way of comforting Mr. Franklin Blake.

In the mean time Sergeant Cuff and I proceeded to my lady's room.

At the last conference we had held with her we had found her not overwilling to lift her eyes from the book which she had on the table. On this occasion there was a change for the better. She met the Sergeant's eye with an eye that was as steady as his own. The family spirit showed itself in every line of her face; and I knew that Sergeant Cuff would meet his match when a woman like my mistress was strung up to hear the worst he could say to her.

INIGO AT THE CHARITY BALL.

"But the greatest of all these is Charity," may liberally be interpreted to mean that the greatest of all balls is the Charity Ball.

It comes off regularly once a year, generally at the end of winter, which is an excellent arrangement for the poor, inasmuch as it gives them time to look around and see where they can buy wood and coal cheapest before cold weather again sets in.

Of course the Charity Ball is under feminine management. Was there ever a good work contemplated or executed that woman was not in the van, arranging the march after her peculiar ideas of fitness, or else bringing up the rear in delightful confusion, shaking up pillows for the wounded, and generally propping their heads a little too high? As Pope—or is it Pagan?—beautifully expresses it:

> "Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.
> But seen too oft, familiar with thy face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

I like woman. We like our opposites, it is said—by which is meant, I suppose, the opposite sex. Certainly I do not always like the young man who sits opposite me at table, nor the children across the way, who make faces at me through the railings, and call me names which are neither pet nor pat.

I attended the Charity Ball at the Academy of Music last evening—Monday, February 24, 1868—usually I don't care a fig about dates, but occasionally it is well to be particular. To say that all the lady managers were there is to say that the attendance was large, for the list is made to comprise about all the worthy ladies that the city affords, or could afford, were it much larger than it is. I would say that their name is Legion, but that name having a savor of masculinity—being scarcely a proper name under the circumstances we will set it down as Lejenny. None will claim, I trust, that the change can not be effected legally.

Apropos of Lee—it is said that the Confederate General of that name was present last evening. That accounts, perhaps, for the attention that I attracted. People thought I was he—that is to say, Lee—there is one of the penalties of looking like distinguished men. I've got a way like his, too, a sort of lee-way, so to speak, about me, which encourages very many to range up and take the weather-gage. Sometimes I endeavor to hold my own, and assume a virtue if I have it not; but they generally contrive to get my gage, weather or no.

It is bruited about that there were a great many distinguished persons present on the occasion. Very possibly; but how they could be distinguished in such a crowd passes my comprehension. Early in the evening I started from the roof to find a lady of my acquaintance who stood on the floor. I wished to ask her a question. Arrived at the place where she was, she wasn't there. By standing on an old gentleman's toes, I at last discovered her chignon bobbing up and down at a distant part of the hall. Arrived there, she wasn't there, but a portion of her dress was. So from point to point I followed her, recognizing the path she had taken by small pieces of familiar muslin, but not finding her until late at night and at the supper-table. As it was the privilege of handing her in to the table that I wished to ask, I might as well not have found her at all. To have asked her then would simply have been a work of suppererrorgation. 'Twas ever thus. I never made up my mind to pay for any young woman's supper that some one else did not step in and manage to forestall me. It is the principle of the dear gazelle with variations. Making up one's mind to do a thing, let me remark, is what costs; it is in the preliminary business that the mental effort and anguish comes in—doing it is but a trifle in comparison.

To accommodate the dancers the Academy was floored. A number of the dancers were floored also during the evening. But this was not the work of the Committee. It was rather the work of a moment. When rapidly revolving bodies come suddenly in collision, one or the other *must* go under—this is a law of gravitation which governs the whirled.

The Committee were not in fault for any thing—not even for having "waltz" printed "valse" on the programme. Any one who knows any thing should know that that's French. The French have to spell waltz with a v, inasmuch as they have no w in their language. How they manage to spell wagon I don't know; but you can find out by looking in the dictionary. Probably they spell that with a v too.

The Committee wore badges to distinguish them from the other persons present, somewhat as Daniel in the Den of Lions, in the picture, was painted with a green cotton umbrella under his arm, to distinguish him from the lions. There was little necessity for conferring the badges in advance, seems to me—all in authority were tolerably certain to be badgered before the evening was through.

Of the dresses worn it is scarcely worth while to attempt a description. I could be censorious if I chose; but this was a Charity Ball. Were the contrary the case I should proclaim that Mrs. Sm–th (I use dashes to disguise the names and spare the ladies' feelings) wore a dress which, to my certain knowledge, had been worn before; that Miss Br–wn's lace was imitation (no one saw the point, at least); and that Mrs. Jo–es's white satin was cut with too extended a train. It persisted in getting on the wrong side and encumbering all her movements. "Get thou behind me, Satin!" was her necessary ejaculation when she attempted to walk.

After a considerable study of the matter I have determined that corn-color is the appropriate color for those who dress with an eye to the maizy. The "Frog" does very well for hops; watered silks are not inappropriate for ladies who desire to float gracefully through the dance; but for those who have an ambition to stalk it, believe me there's nothing like corn!

Haste is said to make waste—and beyond doubt a great many waists are made in haste—but it has always seemed to me excessively absurd that ladies should be swift to put on magnificent dresses to wear in crowds where the chances are against their being seen and entirely in favor of their being torn to pieces. As a case in point, the floor on this evening was covered with fragments of dresses, of all materials, from green barege up to the most gossamer of all gauzy substances. I picked up enough pieces to make several complete dresses, had they been properly reconstructed. They might have been but pieces of patch-work, after all, but patch-work peaces seem to be quite in favor nowadays. As well be out of the world—or out of the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Tribune*, for that matter—as out of the fashion.

Very many of the ladies had their heads powdered. I expected to hear, indeed, that some had theirs pulverized in the crush. As a general thing I don't like powder. A lady's head should be a magazine of useful knowledge, undoubtedly, but that is a different thing from being a powder magazine. Think of the danger if the lady happens to be bullet-headed and inclined to shoot off at a tangent! Dust can be thrown in masculine eyes in various ways without shaking it from the hair. No; I am opposed to powder on several heads, and on one head particularly—whose head I will not specify, as I do not wish to be blown up by the wearer.

When I thus raise my voice against a pernicious fashion, take my word for it, 'tis indeed a charity bawl!

The seats of the Academy are numbered, but the receipts of the evening have not yet been counted. They are variously estimated, but by none, probably, will they be higher esteemed than by the recipients. The names of the managers are sufficient guarantee that the money will be properly applied, but there is nothing like having it in safe hands in the mean while. Would it not be well to put it into mine? I simply throw out the suggestion for what it is worth. I'm not a National Bank, it is true, but that circumstance tends to establish my soundness rather than otherwise. I have neither President, Cashier, Teller, nor clerks about me, which is another point in my favor, since it is evident that one man can not steal as much as many could. By all means make me a place of deposit!

In any event, I hope and trust that the money will be well bestowed—which is to hope and trust that it will not be stowed away so as not to be forthcoming when wanted.

Is there not a proverb something as follows? "Charity covers a multitude of shins." The proceeds of this ball should cover a multitude of bodies, else have the labors of Theodorus been in vain. By Theodorus I do not mean the king of Abyssinia, but him surnamed Moss, who is the first called upon to supervise all such entertainments, and who is always ready to throw himself into the abyss for conscience sake. He who for this eventful evening had the titles of K.C.B. (Night Commander of the Charity Ball) conferred on him. In conclusion may we not well sigh,

> Alas, for the rarity
> Of Christian Charity—balls!

Inigo.

LONDON AND PARIS CONTRASTED.

It would scarcely be possible to find two cities more different in almost every characteristic than the two capitals which approximate most closely in population. London has nearly three and a quarter million inhabitants, Paris nearly two million. No other European capital has so many as half a million. Nevertheless, between Paris and Vienna, between Paris and Florence, between Paris and St. Petersburg, there is far more akin than there is between Paris and London. M. Taine has described in graphic language his first impressions on drawing near the British capital; how he saw the faint blue sky that had gleamed overhead since he left the coast becoming ever more faintly blue as he journeyed inland, until the blue gave place to gray, and the gray was changed to black by the smoke of five hundred thousand houses; how the river-bank, which in Paris is a promenade, in London is a warehouse and wharf; how the street passengers, who in Paris saunter as though they had the whole day before them to take holiday, in London press forward with anxious haste as though life depended upon their speed of foot. Englishmen who visit Paris are no less than M. Taine impressed by this contrast. Mr. Gladstone lately told M. Chevalier and his brother economists that in Paris there was too little smoke. The Englishman saw in the city on the Seine a charming pleasure-garden, but he missed the signs of that energy and industry which to the statesman, and especially to the financier, are more pleasing than the handsomest of monuments, the broadest of streets. In fact, the two cities not only differ, they are opposed to each other. In London men get money: in Paris they spend it. The Londoner who has made a fortune retires to the country to enjoy it. The French provincial scarcely believes in the possibility of true enjoyment outside of Paris. If he has but income enough to take a flat not too far from the Champs Elysées, he will not long resist the influence of that centripetal force which is so strong in France. London has but one lounge, and it is only for some three hours of the day that the class who frequent it is to be seen there. Paris seems to be a lounge from end to end—from Montmartre to Montrouge—from the Bois de Vincennes to the Bois de Boulogne; and it is full of loungers the whole day long. The busiest boulevard has its café every few yards—its array of round marble tables and green-colored chairs rarely empty from dawn to midnight. It is impossible to imagine a Londoner sitting at the door of a pastry-cook's in Holborn or even in Berkeley Square. He does not drink *eau sucré* at all, and his substitute for *absinthe* he takes inside those glass doors through which shines the glare of gas. He does not play at dominos at all, and at *écarté* only now and then of evenings, in his own house. He is not to be found at home laughing over the smart dialogue of his favorite *feuilletoniste*. He has read his money article and his leader as he was borne by 'bus or train to his office or counting-house, and he will glance at the debates and the police reports while he is bolting his dinner of one course in a reeking chop-house. The inhabitants are different because the cities are; the cities are different because the inhabitants are. Whatever difference there was originally between the Parisian and the Londoner, between Paris and London, has been developed and intensified until it seems impossible to believe that ten hours will suffice to take us from the one to the other, from the city of play to the city of toil.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

By a Fashionable Young Married Woman.—The latest thing out—My husband.

A Miss-Spent Life—Squandering all your salary on a girl who does not care for you.

"You ought to lay up something for a rainy day," said an anxious father to a profligate son. "And so I have," replied the youth. "What?"—"An umbrella."

Why are boarders settling with their landlady like birds in April?—Because they pay her.

When is the Hudson River shockingly profane?—When it dams its ice.

Dr. Brown, having long admired a very beautiful young lady, made a point of always giving her for his toast. Being once told it was time to change, he replied: "I believe it is; for, though I have been toasting her for these twenty years I have not been able to make her Brown yet."

A MODERN GLOSSARY.

Angel—The name of a woman, commonly a very bad one.

Author—A laughing stock. It means likewise a poor fellow, and in general an object of contempt.

Bear—A country gentleman: or indeed any animal on two legs.

Brute—A word implying plain dealing and sincerity in general: but more especially applied to a philosopher.

Dress—The principal accomplishment of men and women.

Dullness—A word applied by all writers to the wit and humor of others.

Fool—A complex idea compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.

Knave—The name of four cards in every pack.

Love—A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food, sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favorite objects of our appetites.

Mischief—Fun, sport, or pastime.

Modesty—Awkwardness.

Nonsense—Philosophy, especially the philosophical writings of the ancients.

Patriot—A candidate for public office.

Politics—The art of getting such an office.

Rogue—Rascal—A man of different opinion from yourself.

Sermon—A sleepy dose.

Taste—The present whim of the town, whatever it be.

Temperance—Want of *spirit*.

Wit—Abuse of all good men and good things.

What dissection of a marine animal will terminate the world's career, according to Revelations?—The opening of the last seal.

"What a beautiful place heaven is!" said a little boy not four years old.
"Why do you think so?" said his mother.
"Because," said he, pointing to the stars, "the *nails of the floor* are so beautiful."

"John," said a stingy old carmudgeon to his hired man as he was taking dinner, "do you know how many pancakes you've eaten?" "No." "Well, you've eaten fourteen." "Well," said John, "you count and I'll eat."

Saturday, at the opera ball in Paris: "What! you here, and alone, Adèle? I thought you were devoted to your husband." "Yes, so I am; but—he has the typhoid fever, and so I thought I would have a little fun."

General Thomas begs to be Excused.

When is a gardener like a sow?—When he has young suckers and roots in the ground.

THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

I like to see a whole neighborhood get into a quarrel about nothing; it shows that there are independent spirits in the world.

I like to hear the character of my friend slandered; it gives me an opportunity to defend him.

I like to see fifteen or twenty young men parade themselves in front of the church on the Sabbath, and stare at the ladies as they pass; it shows they have read Chesterfield's advice to his son.

I like to be surrounded by a lot of idlers when I am in a hurry; it learns me to be patient.

I like to have one ask me the news, and, before I have time to speak, answer himself; it shows he knows more than I do.

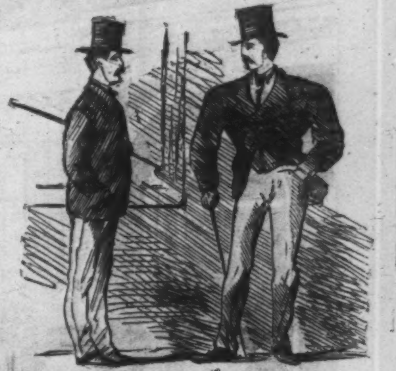
I like to see people ride for pleasure, go a-fishing or hunting on Sunday; "the better day, the better deed."

I like to have a man prying into my business; it shows he has an inquiring mind.

I like to see a man in company engross the whole conversation; it shows he thinks himself a smart fellow.

I like to see ladies place themselves at a window or door to make witty remarks upon people as they pass; it shows they want to say something they can't think.

If a burglar got into Brigham Young's house what would be the result?—A harem scare'em scene.

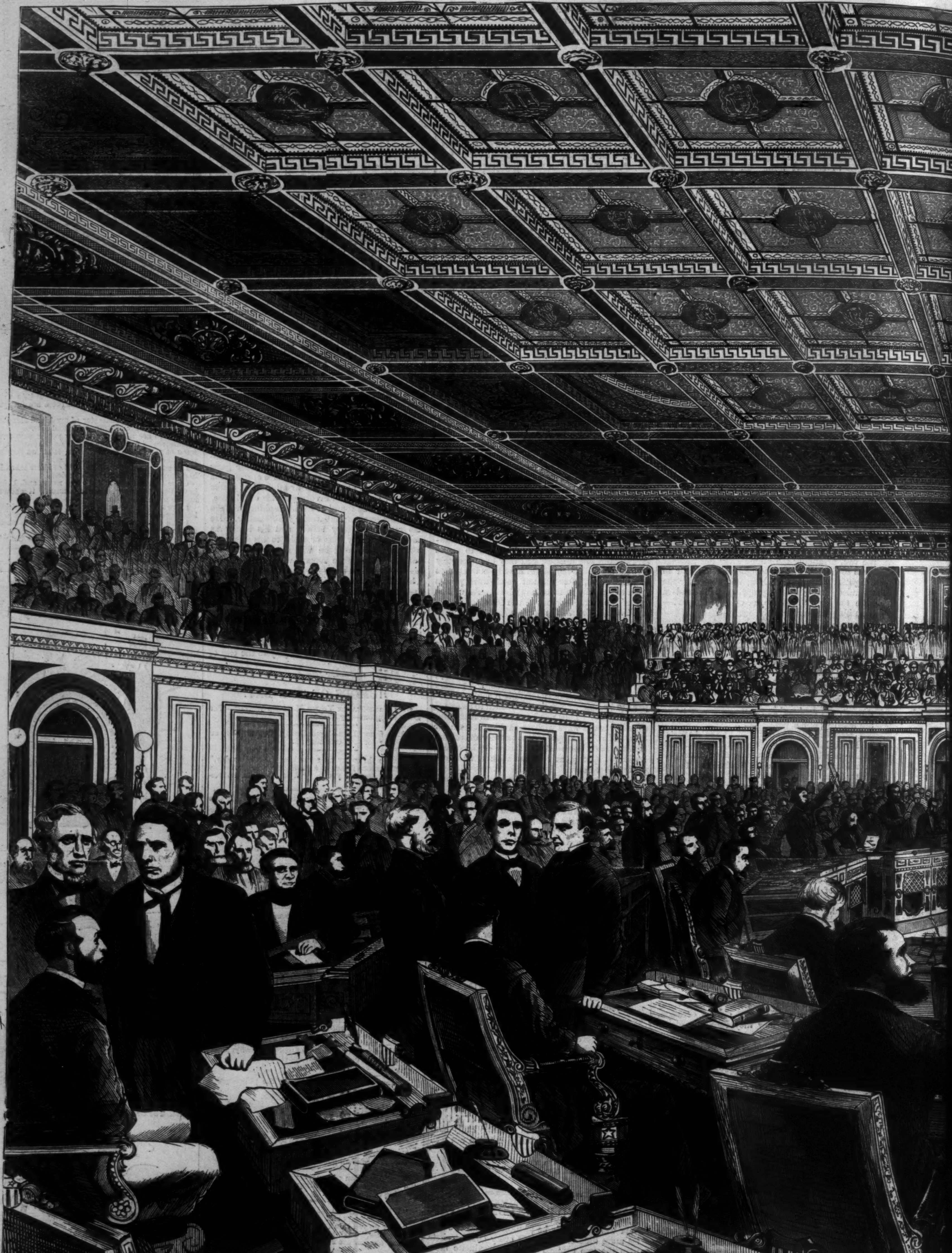

MUSCLE *vs.* PADDING.

First Swell. "Been cultivating your muscle at Wood's, Bill?"

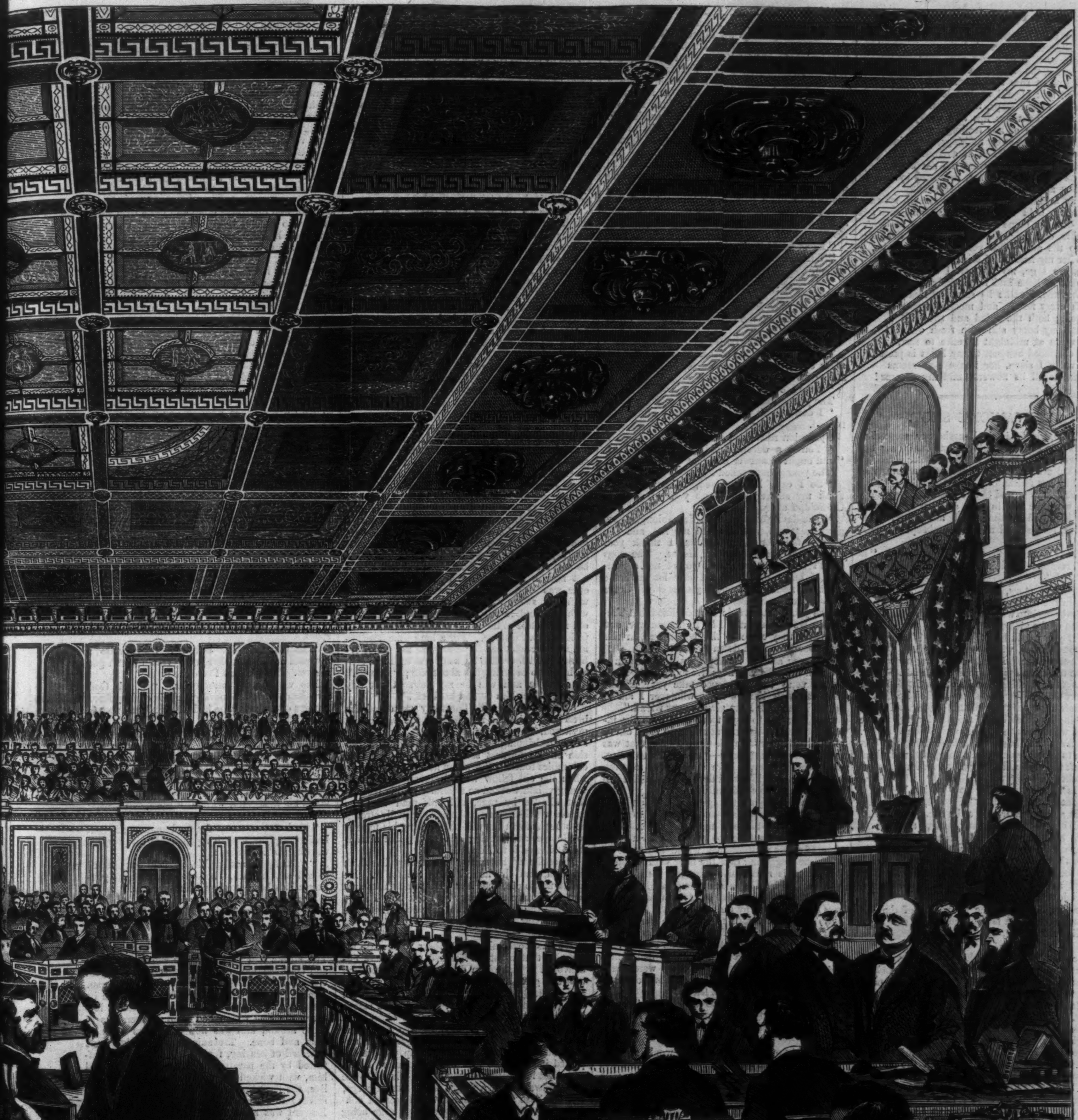
Second Swell. "Ah, no! Yer see I came to the conclusion that my shoulders were not broad enough to bear the burdens of this life, so I went to my tailor's and got my shoulders and credit both extended."

The Great Trunk Railroad to the Pacific.

Fine Ribs and Joints.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON—



...E HOUSE IN SESSION.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 163.]

THE POET'S BOUQUET.

By day I steal from her with secret guile
Each slightest word, each little passing smile,
The quiver of a curl, soft courtesies,
The gleams, the shades, that flit across her eyes;
The transient rose that dawns upon her cheek,
The veil that playful breezes love to seek;
The echo of her steps, the perfumed air
That floats about her lips and dusky hair;
The very rustle of her trailing gown,
And make of these sweet nothings, thus mine own,
A poet's bouquet—Then at eventide
I seat me with my flowers the sea beside,
And on this fragile group, arranged by me,
Let dew and moonlight gather silently.
Glad as a child, with gesture and with speech,
I converse hold with all, with all and each;
Spell out her name within their cups of light,
Tremble, complain, shed tears of fond delight;
Say to the air: "Our voiceless language be,
Take her my heart, and bring back hers to me!"
Then, ere I go, my bouquet I undo—
Bouquet of hope and melancholy too!
Full-hearted, breathe its scent ethereal,
Touch every flower, and meanings give to all;
Caressing both the faded and the bright,
I count my booty still with fresh delight!
And when at midnight I retire to rest,
That cherished bouquet to my heart is pressed;
And while I sleep, her image ever seems
To scatter all its flowers amid my dreams!

TREVANION'S SHOT.

"THIS, Sir," said the housekeeper, somewhat in the tone of Mrs. Jarley when exhibiting her wax-work; "this, Sir, is Miss Esther Garfield. She died a raving maniac because her lover was killed by her father."

Miss Esther proved to be a mild looking young lady, with her hair in puffs and her eyes somewhat impaired by time, and, altogether, unattractive, so I signed to the housekeeper to proceed.

"This stern gentleman," she observed, "is Mr. Trevanion Garfield, of whom a strange story is related."

"Strange story, indeed!" I said, with my head in the air regarding a face peering out of the darkness into which age had thrown the background of the picture.

"If you would like to hear it—?" suggested the housekeeper, with a gentle cough.

"Let me see," I said, consulting my watch. "The train don't return until 6.40, and it is now 4.15. Yes, I think I might hear it. Let us, however, finish our inspection of the pictures."

There were only a few more—grim and uninteresting ladies and gentlemen belonging to the house which was to be sold, and which I, as Mr. Daryll's man of business, had come down to Virginia to report upon—and after glancing at them we left the chilly, lonely gallery, and went to the housekeeper's cozy room.

"Is it not lonely for you in this big house without any companion?" I asked, settling myself in an arm-chair before the fire.

"I have been here many years," said the old lady, half solemnly, half mournfully; "and though all the family now lie in the churchyard, they seem to linger about the house, and this belief fills me with a sort of consolation. No, I am not lonely. They were a good old Virginia family, and I like to think of them."

Seating herself on the other side of the fire, she was silent for a few minutes, as if seeking to recall the dim past, and then began:

You must know that this old house was built about fifty years ago by Trevanion Garfield, a proud, imperious, self-willed man, who had never married, and who, being wealthy, ran riot with his large fortune, spending it with prodigal liberality. His steps were the first that trod these rooms; he was the first to ascend the tower that overlooks the river, and from that tower he shot a bird high in the air, for Trevanion prided himself upon being the best shot on the Eastern Shore. He was an uncouth, unlettered man, and boasted of his ignorance. There were few, except the higher classes, who could write in those days. To be able to sign his name was all he cared for, and he spent his days in the open air, hunting or practicing with his pistol at a mark. He hated the world, and, although his relations lived not far from him, refused to have any thing to do with them.

"Don't come near me," he said, "or I'll set my dogs on ye!" So they took him at his word, and, as no love was lost between them, let him alone. This was pretty much the same with every one, for he had posted at his gates a sign which read: "No priests or ministers admitted on these grounds." When he went forth the little children got out of his way, and their parents would close the doors until he had passed. Trevanion, therefore, was not troubled by acquaintances, and within these old stone-walls he would retire at nightfall, and drink deeply until midnight, when he would be carried, cursing and howling, to bed. Thus his days were passed in the field, and his nights at the punch-bowl. Drinking alone is the worst sort of dissipation—a truth which Trevanion must have felt, for sometimes he would send for his hostler, or some of the servants, to keep the orgie with him, and then, with a sudden turn of humor, kick them out and break every thing that came in his course. His ungovernable temper and bad ways would have deprived him of every (so-called) friend, but his moods varied, and sometimes he was kind—even tender-hearted. While in these humors he would lavish all sorts of presents and favors upon his slaves; but when he fell to thinking he turned like a weather-cock, which suddenly whirls around on a clear day and wickedly points for a storm, and then, in his most brutal way, he would drive them out, and seek his favorite punch-bowl, cursing like a drab.

This state of things would probably have continued until the day of his death but for a certain incident. Trevanion was out hunting one day, and, in one of his vile humors, tormented his horse (a spirited animal) to such a degree that at last it ran away with him. On they went like a flash of lightning, and God knows where Trevanion would have been laid, but suddenly a young man was seen standing in the infuriated creature's path. With reckless daring he sprang at the horse and caught him by the bridle. He was dragged some distance, but the animal was checked, and a moment after stood trembling and quiet as a lamb. Trevanion, who, with his ruddy face quite pale, had remained stupefied during this pretty *escapade*, now recovered breath, and commenced his usual tirade of curses and blows upon the poor horse.

"Don't beat him," said the young man.

"Who asked you to interfere?" screamed Trevanion.

"My feelings of humanity," replied the young man.

"Blast your feelings of humanity," growled the wicked man; "the cursed beast tried to break my neck."

"Because you ill-treated him."

Trevanion, who had opened his mouth for another curse, paused and fixed his bold, handsome eyes upon the speaker.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The young man smiled.

"I don't think you would care to know," he replied.

Trevanion restrained an oath.

"You're a decent looking man," he said, "and ought to answer a decent question."

The young man smiled again.

"So I can," he answered, "though I don't think my answer will please you. Trevanion Garfield, I am your nephew."

"The devil you are!" said Trevanion, smiling grimly; "well, you've saved my life, and you were a fool for doing so; but I thank you. Come with me to Garfield House. The dogs sha'n't be set on you, and you're not a minister, I know, or you would have let the horse break my neck and the devil get his own. Come with me to the House."

The young man would have declined, but Trevanion would not take Nay for an answer, and forthwith they came to this house, and, in this very room, sat them down by the fire.

"So you are my nephew?" said Trevanion—"one of the tribe that lives five miles off? Well, I like you; but the deuce take your family. Give me your hand. Now, whatever I am to others, remember I am always your friend."

And, strange to say, from that time the ill-assorted couple became attached to each other, and Trevanion rode with George—for that was the name of the nephew—taught him to shoot, and would doubtless have taught him to drink and swear, only his pupil declined to receive lessons in these accomplishments.

"You are right, Georgie," Trevanion once said, when his weather-cock pointed to clear weather; "be a good man, my dear. God knows we can not be too good." But a short time after his weather-cock would turn, and he would be staggering over the floor with his spurs clanking, his ruffles nicely stained with liquor. However, if he did pursue pretty much his bad course, he was good and gentle to George, who was nearly always by his side; and in his rough way Trevanion strove to make the young man like him. As a proof of his affection he resolved to make George the best shot in the country.

"My dear," he would say, "the deuce take your pot-hooks and writings; they were made for women folks. I'll teach you how to shoot. Come out; I'll give you a lesson."

And off they would go to the target. Trevanion shot wonderfully well, not only with his right but with his left hand, and was proud of his skill.

"I can pop off any thing," he would say, triumphantly. "That stupid ass of a doctor will have it that I shall be some day stricken with paralysis because of my drinking! Bah! Look at my nerves—see how steady they are! Deuce take the doctor! he's a quack. Now, Georgie, try that shot again."

And pop! pop! pop! they would go; while the people in the neighborhood, hearing the noise, shook their heads and said: "Trevanion Garfield is at some of his wicked tricks again."

You may be sure there was much scandal when it was discovered how intimate George had become with "the ungodly man," as Trevanion was universally called; but George was a young fellow of spirit, and the scandal-mongers got nothing for their interference. George's family knew Trevanion was wealthy; and thinking (although they did not speak to George about it) that he might be induced to leave the young fellow his fortune, they were not averse to the friendliness their boy had inspired in the old scape-grace. So George continued to keep company with his uncle, and told him frankly what he had replied to the neighbors, upon which Trevanion laughed long and loud, and on the strength of the news summoned the punch-bowl and drank until his red face became purple, when he was, as usual, dragged to bed.

George had conceived a strange attachment for his blasphemous uncle. The young man pitied him sincerely, and strove to reform him; but when gray hairs are steeped in sin they can not be unraveled; and when eyes are dim with drink as well as age no one can restore their brightness. When sin goes hand in hand with old age let none interfere, for the devil will not be deprived of his own.

So George did not succeed in doing much in the reformation of his uncle, but Trevanion was touched by the true regard his nephew felt for him, and one day, when his weather-cock had come around to clear weather, he said,

"Georgie, I like you, my dear, and I think you like me. I'll make you my heir."

And no sooner said than done. This tie bound them closer than ever. George, affected at this proof of Trevanion's love for him, could not leave when he saw how pleased the old man was with his society. And so the two jogged on together month after month.

One day, however, another young man arrived—a fine, likely young fellow, with dark hair, a handsome, wicked face, and manners soft and winning. He told Trevanion he was an orphan, and a nephew of his, and delivered a letter written by his dying mother in Illinois, bequeathing him to Trevanion's care.

Trevanion's red face grew redder and more apoplectic (for he could read but little, and his writing went no further than to scrawl his name), and passed the document to George, who read it in his sweet, pleasant voice, while the dark stranger (whose name was Edward) looked on with a sneer.

"What!" says Trevanion, "a big loppus like you bequeathed to me."

The young stranger laughed.

"Good uncle," said he, "give me a trial, and if I prove *non compos* then foot me to the door."

Trevanion fumed and cursed him up hill and down, but finally yielded, and his weather-cock happening to point to pleasant weather, he welcomed the stranger to his fireside, when the everlasting bowl of punch made its appearance, and the two had a night of it. Poor George never joined Trevanion in his drinking bouts, so, with a sad heart, he left the revelers, feeling that no good would come of the stranger's introduction to Garfield House. And he was right. The more he saw of Edward the more he disliked him—and in return the new-comer detested George. It was not long before George discovered that Edward was doing his best to supplant him in Trevanion's affections. The bold young fellow's bright eyes and dashing manner had certainly made the old man like him; but he still stuck to "his dear Georgie," and would not hear a word against him. Edward, however, was not discouraged—he continued to drink with him, swear with him, ride with him, shoot with him, and, in fine, succeeded in flattering the old fool, while at the same time he instilled suspicions about George. For a long time Trevanion was incredulous. "Georgie's my favorite," he said, bluntly, when Edward was trying to cozen him into believing lies about him; "Georgie's my favorite, and will be my heir. Curse any one who bites him behind his back!"

Of course Edward's flummery smoothed the breach over, but he remembered the words, and muttered, "So, so; we shall see." And, as the constant dripping of water will make an impression on the hardest stone, so Edward's subtle calumnies touched Trevanion at last. One night when the old fellow was gloriously drunk, the young villain worked so skillfully on his feelings that, blinded by rage, and half-mad with the punch, which Edward had made unusually strong, he brought forth the will bequeathing his fortune to George, and cursing and raving like a madman, showed it to Edward.

"See there," he said; "that's what I've done for him, and the hound hates me for it. He wants me to die, does he? His family have sent him to capture my money? Look how I serve him." And he threw the parchment into the fire. "Now, Ned," he added, "I'll make you my heir."

He was too drunk and stubborn to execute his promise that night, or Edward would have endeavored to make him do so, but the next day, between grief and prostration, he kept his bed and refused to see George. Edward carried the message to the poor fellow, and added a clause not ordered by Trevanion, to the effect that George must instantly quit the house, and never return. Outraged at such conduct from his uncle, and not suspecting it was a trap, George departed instantly, so that when Trevanion began to collect his scattered senses, and wished to see him, Edward read a forged letter from George, full of abuse and falsehood, which seemed confirmed by his flight, and Trevanion's rage being at its height, he made without delay the will in favor of Edward.

After this hasty act Trevanion became more morose and bitter than ever. He would wander up and down the picture-gallery where he had placed the portraits of his ancestors, shaking his fist at the dainty ladies in their satins and jewels, and the bewigged aristocratic-looking men, each bravely holding his sword. He had a contempt for all except one ancestor. No one remembers who it was, but before this picture he would stand, glass in hand, and with a strange chuckle drink its health. Edward of course was very attentive, and plied Trevanion well with liquor, with an evident desire to rid him of life as soon as possible.

We can not stand still in this world; we must either go backward or forward; so Trevanion galloped on to the devil as fast as he could. He quarreled with Edward, and once even struck him; but, although the young man turned deadly pale, he did not return the blow, but endeavored to mollify Trevanion, who being generally in a half-maudlin state was easily managed. Trevanion had an iron constitution, and would not die, although he was, with Edward's assistance, doing his best to get into his grave.

In the midst of this dreadful life the unhappy man seemed sometimes to realize his degradation, and would pause with the glass half-raised to his lips, and then set it down like one in a dream, and remain motionless for some time, with his eyes fixed on vacancy and his breath coming convulsively. In these moments his thoughts would revert to George; and one day he said to Edward, in a voice he could not keep from trembling with suppressed emotion,

"Write to Georgie, and tell him to come back. Do ye hear? Tell him to come back! He may have treated me ill, but I forgive the lad. I must see him once more."

The letter was written, and Trevanion put his scrawl to it; but Edward took care that it never reached George. Trevanion waited and waited. Day after day he looked for his Georgie, but the familiar step was not heard in the hall, nor the sweet voice in Trevanion's room. And the master of Garfield House would sit in the twilight of the evening without speaking until the punch-bowl appeared, when he would gulp the liquor down savagely, seeming to say to it, "Why don't you kill me?" He became more and more low-spirited, and quarreled more and more with Edward, who bore it like a saint, but who would curse him heartily behind his back. Trevanion hunted more than usual, and practiced at his mark; and, alas, his red face became purple as a plum, and his figure became bloated, from his trips to the punch-bowl. He appeared to grow weary of Edward's company, and when the young fellow was, as usual, ready to shoot with him, he turned on him.

"Stay where you be," he said, pettishly; "I won't have you dogging me, Ned. I'm going to shoot alone hereafter!"

And he put his flask to his lips, and after a long draught strode off. Edward ran after him to remonstrate, but got a blow for his pains; and Trevanion departed alone, and did not return for so long a time that Edward began to hope he had broken his neck. But toward midnight he came back in a ferocious humor, and smashing every thing in his way, staggered into the picture-gallery, locking the door after him. He remained there a long time, and when he came forth he shook his fist under Edward's nose with a stentorian laugh, at which Edward had to get out of his presence that he might relieve himself by swearing in a manner that even Trevanion could not equal.

But confusion must come some time to the wrong-doer, and swiftly came it to Edward. One of the servants was taken ill, and when the doctor informed him his malady was mortal he sent for Trevanion, and informed him of Edward's schemes—how he had lied about George, never sent the letter, bribed the servants, etc., etc.

Trevanion sent up a howl like that of a doomed spirit.

"My poor Georgie!" he cried, "my poor dear; my good boy! But that young villain hasn't got me yet. Thank God I've done right!"

His words were mysterious. "Thank God I've done right!" sounded strangely coming from the lips of the man who had wronged the only relation who ever loved him.

"Come!" he said to the servants who had entered, thinking their master had gone mad, "come all of you!" And, bursting with rage, he caught Edward by the throat, and, followed by every body, hastened to the picture-gallery. On the threshold Trevanion suddenly paused, relaxed his hold, and, without a word, fell insensible.

The doctor was sent for, and announced, in a half-triumphant tone, a repetition of his previous warning to Trevanion:

"'The stupid ass,' as Mr. Garfield was pleased to call me," he said, "begs to state that the gentleman has been stricken with paralysis."

Thereupon there was a great uproar.

"Silence!" said Edward, "take your master to bed."

This was done, and the next day the doctor pronounced that Trevanion could not recover. The stroke had paralyzed the whole right side and deprived him of speech. It was a fearful visitation from God upon the wretched man. The tongue which had year after year taken its Maker's name in vain now hung speechless forever; the arm which had been so merciless to those around him was now a helpless mass of flesh and bone. Trevanion was not, however, deprived of hearing, for the left side was not affected by the paralysis, and when Edward told him, with wicked exultation, that he could not live, the livid lips of the sufferer writhed themselves into a ghastly smile of mocking contempt. Edward was alone with Trevanion at the time, and, with a muttered oath, he struck the fallen man upon the cheek, hissing into his ear:

"Remember the blows you gave me, old dotard."

Trevanion's eyes cursed him for the deed, and he shrank back appalled. But he soon recovered, and at once assumed control of things, and in ransacking among his uncle's papers to his joy found the will which made him heir to the Garfield estates. He flaunted it before Trevanion's face.

"Now I am safe," he cried; "you will never live to make another. You may see George as often as you please."

So George, who had been refused admittance many times, was now permitted to see Trevanion, and as his tears fell upon the convulsed face of his former benefactor, the dying man uttered an inarticulate moan, so wild, so full of inexpressible anguish, that George drew back in terror. Trevanion's eyes moved not from his face, and he passed his left arm around the young man's neck, and drawing him close in a passionate embrace, kissed him with lips which were never again to utter his name, to ask his forgiveness, or tell him how he had always loved him. Weeping bitterly, George said:

"Oh, Trevanion! oh, my uncle! fully and freely do I pardon you for the wrong you did me!"

The hand of the sufferer clasped George's tightly, and could scarcely relinquish it. Then, breathing with difficulty, he closed his eyes, and lay so quiet that George thought he had fainted; but suddenly he seemed to awake from a perplexing

reverie, and his eyes began to talk to George. The young man dimly understood that he wanted to be raised in bed. He was right. But this was not all. Trevanion pointed to an arm-chair. It was evident he wished to be placed in it. George turned to the doctor, who had just entered.

"May I do as he wishes?" he asked, explaining Trevanion's desire.

"Certainly not," said Edward, who had followed the physician; "my uncle is dying, and it would be cruelty to move him."

Trevanion waved him aside with a gesture of contempt, and turned his imploring eyes to George and the servants, who had gathered around the bed. The mute entreaty could not be disregarded by George.

"He shall at least have his whim gratified," he said; "it may afford him some satisfaction."

An eager grasp of Trevanion's hand thanked George, and the sufferer was placed in the chair. He was so exhausted that for a few moments he became almost insensible with pain and weakness. However, he soon rallied, and made fearful efforts to speak. His powerless tongue refused its office, and his breath came thick and fast. George, trembling with agitation, could scarcely regard the scene, but Edward looked on with a sneer.

"He had better be put back in bed," observed the doctor; "this excitement will only hasten his death."

Trevanion motioned him away, and pointed to the door which led to the picture-gallery. There was a movement of surprise. What could he want? George asked him, "Did he wish to go to the picture-gallery?" Trevanion's eyes answered "Yes."

"This is folly," said Edward, impatiently; but he could not meet Trevanion's terrible eyes, and turned away without further objection, and George, who could not resist his uncle's mute appeals, finally wheeled him into the gallery, followed by the rest. He motioned George to stop before a certain picture, and eagerly pointed to it, looking from George to the picture. It was a large, full-length portrait of his favorite ancestor, the one he used to drink to and talk to. At first George thought Trevanion simply desired to see the painting before he died; but the look of anguish which came over the stricken man's face when he saw he was not understood, convinced George that there was some mystery which his uncle desired to reveal.

"He has something on his mind connected with that picture which he wishes to communicate," said George. "Does any one know any thing about it?"

Of course no one knew, and Edward laughed contemptuously. "The old drunkard is mad," he said.

"Be merciful," cried George; "remember he is dying."

"Stop!" said the doctor, "he still has the use of his left hand; give him paper and pencil, and let him write."

Alas, Trevanion could not write! His signature was the only mark he could make, and George shook his head.

"It is useless," he said, sadly, and Trevanion's clenched hand showed how his being unable to reveal his secret in writing affected him. The servants whispered among themselves:

"Master's lost his senses, and don't know what he wants."

George was the only one who watched his uncle's convulsed face closely. It bore a look of stony despair which would have moved a fiend to tears. For a few moments there was no movement in the room. Trevanion seemed to be thinking deeply. Suddenly he raised his arm and made a movement toward the picture. No one could understand him. He repeated it. George could make nothing of it. Trevanion's hard eyes, which for years had been dry and bright as those of a serpent, were now filled with great tears, and the cold sweat of mortal agony stood upon his brow. He fainted.

"Take him back!" ordered Edward.

The chair was slowly rolled toward the door; but as it crossed the threshold a violent convulsion seized Trevanion, his eyes flared open, he writhed out of the chair, and with superhuman strength dragged himself back to the picture, uttering inarticulate moans of dreadful anguish. When he reached the picture, he pointed wildly to it, in a confused sort of way which showed his strength was fast failing.

"He is dying," said the doctor. "Raise him, and put him in the chair."

This was done. Trevanion grasped George's hand like a vice. Again he made the motion. George wrung his hands in despair.

"Oh, if I could only understand him!" he said.

He knelt by the chair and strove to calm him, but it was useless. Trevanion still repeated the mysterious movement with his left arm.

Suddenly George uttered a cry.

"I know what he wishes!" he exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked every one.

"A pistol!"

"A pistol?"

"Yes."

"To blow his brains out," screamed the servants.

"No, no—it can not be," replied George.

"This mummery shall go no further," interrupted Edward, angrily; "take him back to the room."

Trevanion clung to George, and shook his head slowly at first, then more slowly. He was going fast; his livid face was becoming bloodless, his hand was damp and felt like that of a corpse.

"Stop!" said George, "touch him at your peril."

"I warn you not to give him a pistol," said Edward.

"By Heaven, he *shall* have one!" shouted George, glaring at the trembling people around him like a young lion, and drawing a pistol from his breast, he cocked it, and placed it in Trevanion's left hand.

A look of superhuman joy passed over the dying man's face. Edward shrank behind the servants, fearing Trevanion wished to kill him. Every one was breathless with excitement. The room was silent as the grave. Trevanion slowly raised his arm, and pointed it at the picture of his ancestor.

There was a dreadful pause of suspense.

Trevanion fired!

Merciful Heavens! What did they see? The picture slid aside, revealing a closet. Trevanion's shot had struck the secret spring, and the mystery was revealed.

George sprang forward, and discovered the closet contained nothing but a small box, in which was a piece of parchment. He would have learned its contents, when a whisper of horror attracted his attention. He turned—Trevanion lay dead in his chair, and the light of the dying sun, streaming in the window, seemed to shine on his face with a kiss of heavenly forgiveness.

"Now that this farce is over," said Edward, "I will thank you to leave the house. This will," he added, taking a parchment from his pocket, "bearing the date of two months since, makes me master of the Garfield estates."

George glanced hastily at the document he had taken from the secret closet, and a change like lightning came over his face.

"This is a subsequent will," he said, calmly, "bearing the date of a week ago. Depart! In the name of my uncle, I forgive you—but let me see you no more."

A DOG STORY.

THE dog of Montargis undoubtedly stands the very foremost on the list of canine accusers; but the story is too well known, too legendary, and too long, to allow of repetition here.

Another Denunciating Dog, bearing the singular name of "Bristol," is recorded in the judicial annals of the south of France. It dates from the year 1718.

A Marseilles paper-merchant went to make purchases at Toulon. That done, he left Toulon to return to Marseilles. His wife and son, apprised of his departure, awaited his coming. For four long days they waited in vain in a state of fearful and ever-increasing anxiety. On the morning of the fifth day their dog, who had accompanied his master in his journey, arrived alone. The poor creature was in a pitiable state. Every sound of his voice, every movement he made, announced the deepest grief. He licked his mistress's hands, lay down at her feet, and began to howl.

"Misfortune has come to the house," she said. "A presentiment of evil chokes my breath. If your father should be dead! The Lord have pity on us!"

"If you wish, mother, I am ready to go in search of him."

"Go, my boy; go by all means. Take Bristol with you. He will be sure to lead you to his master, alive or dead."

Bristol, hearing what was said, rose to his feet and walked slowly toward the door. The young man saddled a good horse, and set off at once upon his mission. He did not return until the following day. During the whole time of his absence his mother had prayed and wept.

"You are alone," she said; "I understand what that means. Your father is no more, and I am left a widow."

He knelt by her side, and Bristol licked their hands while they wept together.

"What information have you obtained?" she asked.

"My father has been murdered in the forest of Cogniou."

For a whole month the authorities on the one hand, and the widow and her son on the other, made every effort to discover the murderer; but all in vain: they could not even find out any individual on whom they could fix a reasonable suspicion. Six months elapsed. The attention of the officers of justice being directed to more recent crimes, they thought no more of the paper-merchant. But those he had left still mourned his loss. Bristol had lost all his gayety. He spent whole hours sorrowfully stretched on a little straw in the court-yard of the house.

One evening, while following his young master about the town, he entered with him into a café in which several strangers were assembled. The young man took his seat at a table beside a couple of acquaintances, and Bristol, having nothing better to do, beguiled the time by walking up and down the room. Suddenly, after uttering a low growl, he furiously flew at a tall thin man who was amusing himself with a game of draughts.

The man, in alarm, called out for help. The guests rose from their seats and crowded round him. They tried to keep the dog back; they beat him severely about the head and loins; but all to no purpose. It only redoubled Bristol's fury. He paid no attention to the persons who maltreated him; all his rage was directed against the man who was playing draughts. As soon as he was driven off he attacked him again. He tore his clothes and bit his legs.

"This is insufferable, abominable!" shouted the by-standers, addressing Bristol's owner. "Call off your dog, and take him out of the room."

With some difficulty the young man succeeded in making the enraged animal loose his hold, and could find no other means of calming him except by carrying him quite out of the café. But before they had gone a hundred steps Bristol left his master, returned to the café, and again attacked the tall thin stranger. Once more the young man was obliged to employ force to separate the dog from his enemy.

Among the witnesses of this terrible scene there happened to be a commercial gentleman who had formerly been intimately acquainted with the paper-merchant. Pale and trembling with emotion, he approached the young man, and inquired in a whisper, "When your father took his unfortunate journey to Toulon had he this dog with him?"

"Yes," replied the paper-merchant's son. "Bristol even reached our house before the disaster which has ruined us was known."

During this secret conversation Bristol, whom his master held in check by means of a rope tied round his neck, made extraordinary efforts to get loose.

"I may be mistaken," the other continued, "but it is just possible this man may be your father's murderer. Remain here while all these people are talking among themselves about what has happened; I will run to the Commissaire de Police for a force sufficient to arrest the man."

In a quarter of an hour he came back with a posse of men, who surrounded and filled the public house. The suspected individual was at once arrested and conducted forthwith to prison. On searching him they found upon him the paper-merchant's watch and several other trinkets which were identified as having been his property. The possession of these articles was a strong presumption of the prisoner's guilt; but it was also proved that, on the day of the murder, he had been met by a little girl as he came out of the forest of Cogniou. Other corroborative evidence turned up. He was found guilty and condemned to death. After strong and reiterated protestations of innocence, he avowed the crime to his confessor at the last moment as he was mounting the very steps of the scaffold.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE always have felt a warm sympathy with the courageous individual who, after having tried in vain to open a window in the car in which he was traveling, at length summarily dashed his elbow through the one adjacent to his own seat. Of course the outraged conductor was on hand instantly, with indignant reproaches. "What's to pay?" coolly inquired the offender. "One dollar," was the stern reply. A *two*-dollar bill was immediately proffered. "No matter about the change," said the imperturbable man with lungs, "I'll take another pane instead;" and, without further ceremony, he made a second breathing-hole.

If the unhappy mortals who are confined in the passenger-cars on some of our most frequented railroad routes should yield to their impulses many a window would be smashed. Even in a short trip, as from New York to Philadelphia, one fortunate—or *unfortunate*—enough to be the possessor of a pair of lungs, requiring a certain amount of oxygen, suffers not a little discomfort, and really is obliged to make his own private arrangements to obtain enough fresh air to sustain life. You enter a car at Jersey City. *Whew!* A blast of hot air greets you, calling to mind the story of the burning fiery furnace, heated "one seven times more than it was wont to be heated." A red-hot stove stands at either end of the car. Windows all closed; those minute apertures called ventillators all closed. You find a seat—a nauseating faintness steals over you—you tug madly at your window—it sticks fast—you try to open a ventillator with your umbrella—but there is some secret fastening; again you try your window, and at length force it up. Of course, you will take cold with that draught pouring in, and you in a violent perspiration. But what else is to be done? The heat is fearful, the close air insupportable, and suffocation is a hard death when it approaches in such a way. And so you keep the window alternately open and closed through the journey. Perhaps the conductor is compassionate enough by-and-by to let a breath in by the tiny doors in the roof of the car; but at every station a relentless creature crams the wood into the stoves, without the slightest regard to the existing temperature. Is there no blissful future, which with spirit vision we can discern, when railroad cars will be constructed and regulated on physiological principles?

A startling phenomenon recently occurred at La Crosse, Wisconsin. An Artesian well had been sunk to the depth of 280 feet, and the boring was still going on, when suddenly the machinery stopped, and a deafening explosion ensued, followed by a stream of boiling water, gushing with terrible force through the tube from the depths below. One of the workmen received a jet of scalding water in his neck and breast, and others were badly burned. This unexpected discovery of a subterranean lake of boiling water occasioned much excitement in the vicinity, and has given rise to many strange theories. The singular spectacle of a great column of steam rising from the midst of the vast snow-clad plain in mid-winter is indeed wonderful, and bids fair to furnish a prolific theme for scientific investigation.

Do not give imagination *too* much freedom. A Pennsylvania farmer had violent symptoms of hydrophobia, on the supposition that he had been bitten by a dog. It was demonstrated, however, that he was not bitten at all, and he is now perfectly cured.

A new style of skate has been patented, with which a person can walk as readily on a frozen or any other surface, as with ordinary boots or shoes. This is good news, but it will keep until next winter. We have had an abundant supply of cold weather, snow, and ice for this season.

From all parts of Europe the intelligence of the sufferings of the poor is most distressing. In Paris 50,000 rations are issued daily from the soup-kitchens of the Prince Imperial, and the other large cities of France are full of misery and want. In Algiers the victims of famine are so numerous that the dead are buried in great trenches, like the dead after a battle. In Tunis 8000 have died in two months.

"Reconstruction" seems to be going on in a somewhat novel form, although too slowly perhaps to suit the most progressive ideas. Several cases are recorded in a Virginia newspaper of negroes who are gradually turning white. In one instance the first indication of a change in complexion was given by the appearance of a white spot behind the ear; in another the phenomenon was heralded by a white patch on the chin. It is a remarkable fact that in most cases of this kind the subjects bear on their physiognomies all the features of the full-blooded African.

A Boston paper claims for that city "pre-eminence" in one branch of the art of stealing, and that is the stealing of newspapers. "It is not," remarks the journal referred to, "the abstraction of newspapers from the steps and doorways of private houses, by street boys, that merits particular reprobation; the boys know no better, and the law can deal with their misdeeds. But the habit indulged in by grown men, who occupy stores and offices, and do business in the markets, of slyly snapping up their neighbors' papers, left in entries and on stairways, and thus getting good reading *gratis*, seems to be the latest and most notable development of what is mildly called kleptomania. The extent to which this practice is carried in Boston entitles our city to rank among the first stealists of the age, in one department of the business at least."

Two interesting discoveries have been made in North Stonington, Connecticut. Some time ago a lime-kiln was built with a dark reddish stone which abounds there, and on heating it to the temperature required the whole fabric melted as though it were lead. It has recently been discovered to be glass in a natural state. There have been specimens of it sent to a glass manufactory, and fine goblets have been made from them. More recently a stratum of fine white sand has been found, which is ascertained to be disintegrated quartz, and of great value in the manufacture of flint glass.

Those who dislike cheese should not travel in Switzerland, for there cheese is every where thrust under the traveler's nose. Seventeen thousand tons of cheese are annually manufactured in Switzerland, of which ten thousand are exported; and Swiss cheese is celebrated all over the Continent. For the preparation of cheese the freshest milk, or that from which the cream has already been removed, is employed, according to the quantity to be manufactured. The cheese having been separated from the whey by means of rennet, is placed in the magazine, where it is turned daily, and moistened with cloths saturated with salt-water.

It seems to be inevitable—*we* shall have to come to it at last! London has given a great "Horse Dinner," with a most astonishing "bill of fare." The guests were many; they went uncertain, cynical, jocose—a few, perhaps, in the spirit of honest investigation. But they ate, and were satisfied with their repast; and the conclusion arrived at was "that horse-flesh is palatable, nutritious, and easily obtained."

A curious invention has been patented—according to report—to prevent a hat being carried off by any other person than the owner, "by applying to it an obstruction which shall impede or prevent its wear excepting at the will of the person to whom said head-cover belongs;" and the invention is described as consisting of a "suitable locking obstruction so applied to the hat as to restrain the latter from being worn till such obstruction is removed or sufficiently displaced by unlocking it." This will be approved by the hat-wearing portion of humanity. Can not the patent be modified to suit *umbrellas?*

Some years ago a certain professor somewhere got up a hair restorative that was largely advertised as being almost miraculous in restoring the hair to heads that had been bare for years. Among the testimonials was one signed by one hundred clergymen. In a certain city, as it happens, there is a druggist of the same name as the above-named professor, and he also happens to keep the "restorative" for sale. One day an elderly lady entered his store and inquired of the clerk if the professor was in. The clerk referred her to the proprietor sitting at the desk. The old lady approached him and said: "I have called to ask about thy hair restorative." The proprietor took a large three-dollar bottle enveloped in labels and testimonials, calling the lady's attention particularly to the one signed by one hundred clergymen.

This decided the sale; but while the lady was getting her purse out to pay, she ventured one more question: "Professor, does thee think it will bring the hair out?"

This was too much for the druggist. Raising his hat from his head, that is entirely bald, he replied: "Madam, you can see what it has done for me."

A burst of laughter involuntarily came from the clerks at the tableau of the professor standing with the hat in one hand and a three-dollar bottle of hair restorative in the other, and the old lady nowhere to be seen.

There must be an opening for Mr. Bergh in Philadelphia, while such notices as the following are admitted into "first-class," or indeed into *any*, newspapers:

THERE WILL BE SLAUGHTERED AT THE TAVERN OF Mr. ——, on the Philadelphia and Wilmington Railroad, on Wednesday morning next, a Steer, weighing, when dressed, 2000 lbs. The Baltimore Train runs by the house.

SPORTS, LOOK OUT!—TWO LIVING BEARS WILL BE SHOT on Tuesday afternoon at No. 100 —— Street. All hunters, butchers, and tavern-keepers wishing to secure a piece of these Bears are invited. Come, and see how Grizzly will end.

How will the political and social views and deeds of the present impress those who look back upon them twenty years hence? In 1851—only about sixteen years ago—a woman was tried in Virginia for teaching a slave to read, and sentenced to two years in the Penitentiary. The indictment read that she, "not having the fear of God before her eyes, but moved and instigated thereto by the Devil, did teach a certain negro woman to read the Bible, to the great displeasure of Almighty God."

Among the strangest of the strange accidents which are constantly occurring is one which nearly cost a man his life, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. A fireman employed on a tow-boat went inside of a boiler, for the purpose of cleaning it. He was a portly man, and the aperture was none too large for him. Scarcely had he been at work for more than four or five minutes when he was suddenly seized by a cramp, and commenced to swell. He soon crawled to the aperture, and attempted to get out; but so much had he gained by the swelling that to force himself through the hole was out of the question. He bawled lustily for help, and his cries brought some of the hands to his assistance. They, however, were unable to relieve him from his plight; and the cramps rapidly becoming worse, messengers were instantly dispatched for doctors, police, and blacksmiths. Things looked very blue for some time, and it was proposed to cut away a strip of the boiler as a last recourse. This being objected to, eight or nine stalwart fellows seized the unfortunate man, and, by a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," brought him through by main force. His clothes were torn in tatters, and his body badly bruised and scratched in various places.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

THE breaking up of winter each year leaves the streets of New York in the most horrible of conditions. The accumulated snows of the past winter, in many of the streets piled like miniature glaciers four or five feet high, began to melt under the warm rays of a bright sun which appeared on the morning of February 20, and very soon the streets were well-nigh impassable. Our illustration on page 172 represents the difficulties and dangers and disasters of travel in the crowded and muddy thoroughfares of the city; and is a not exaggerated picture of a scene to be daily witnessed in almost any part of the city at the present time.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles G. Bush.—[See Page 171.]

ELLIS'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR—THE UNITED STATES NAVY POWDER MAGAZINES.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

ELLIS'S ISLAND POWDER MAGAZINES.

The New York *Sun* lately called attention to the startling fact that New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the numerous villages on Staten Island, are now, and have been for a long time, in imminent peril of being at once destroyed by the explosions of the magazines on Ellis's Island, which lies in New York Harbor, about half-way between the Battery and the New Jersey shore. We have had a sketch made of the Island, and after some inquiries into the facts in the case, find that the fears of the *Sun* are well-founded; the million and a half of people residing in the vicinity of the City Hall of New York are daily and hourly in imminent danger of being blown into atoms!

For more than forty years Ellis's Island has been a fortified post and magazine of the Government. Fort Gibson, which is situated on it, is one of the last of the chain of defenses of the harbor, and mounts twelve 42-pounder guns. The Magazine buildings, six in number, are built of solid masonry with slate roofs. The capacity of the buildings admits of the storage of 5000 barrels or at least 1000 tons of powder. There are at this time stored on the Island about 3000 barrels and a very large number of shells; while in the vicinity, and even nearer to Jersey City (in fact within a few rods of the Dépôt of the Jersey Central Railroad), are the powder-boats of Messrs. Smith & Rand, Dupont, and Hazzard, usually containing at least 5000 barrels, or more than 1000 tons. Thus, on the Island and in its immediate vicinity are stored at least 1500 tons of powder!

It has been clearly demonstrated by a simple arithmetical calculation, based on actual experiments, that the gas generated by the sudden combustion of 1500 tons of powder would exert, at a distance of eight miles, a pressure of 200 pounds to the square yard. Within eight miles of Ellis's Island lies all of Jersey City, all of Brooklyn, and all of the populous part of New York below Central Park. Every building in either of these cities has a frontage of at least 150 square yards, and would, therefore, in case of an explosion, receive a sudden shock of 30,000 pounds, before which the stoutest wall would instantly give way.

A great deal of precaution is taken to prevent any accidents on the Island; as will be seen by a glance at our engraving, the magazines are plentifully supplied with lightning-rods; great care is taken in handling the powder; the workmen wear canvas shoes, and are not allowed to carry pocket-knives or other steel or iron implements; and the metal-work used in the magazines is all of brass or copper. But still the greatest of precautions are sometimes in vain. There is not the slightest necessity for accumulating this amount of powder in such close proximity to the most populous city in the country; and safety imperatively demands that Mr. Gideon Welles, of the Navy Department, familiarly called "Father Welles," by whose authority the powder is there, shall awake to the danger, and at once remove the combustible article from our doors. It is a subject which we should imagine might be of interest enough to the municipality of New York to prompt an emphatic protest.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, THE NEW ENGLISH PREMIER.

THE NEW ENGLISH PREMIER.

It is not often that a man without wealth or influence, reared to literature rather than politics, ridiculed and caricatured for his first book, defeated in his first political aspirations, and laughed down in his maiden oration, scorned as a fop and despised as an adventurer, has risen by the force of his own genius to the highest office of the most powerful kingdom of Europe as has Benjamin Disraeli, the new Premier of England. There is no more remarkable romance in history or biography than the story of the man who, on the 25th of February, 1868, was "sent for" by Queen Victoria, and requested to form a new Cabinet for the Government

COLORED PEOPLE GATHERING FIRE-WOOD—A WINTER SCENE IN VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by W. L. Sheppard.]

of Great Britain. It is not the pleasantest of romances; it is a story in which virtue does not fully triumph, in which cunning, if not fraud, is for the time successful; yet it is the story of a remarkable man who has passed into history not less positively and prominently than more honest and less politic statesmen, and, therefore, it must be told.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI is the son of ISAAC DISRAELI, the author of the celebrated "Curiosities of Literature," and was born in London, December 21, 1805. His early tastes were for literature, and while he was a very young man he published several novels, among the most remarkable of which were "Vivian Grey," "Henrietta Temple," and "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy." The latter of these works attracted much attention, and brought upon the author's head much ridicule. Many years ago *Frazer's Magazine* published among the portraits of its contributors a caricature of DISRAELI, representing him as a dandy of the first water, following it with a poem commencing:

"The wondrous boy
Who wrote Alroy,
Which plainly shows,
In verse and prose,
How, long ago,
Victorious Judah's lion banner rose."

He entered, or rather attempted to enter, public life in 1831, but was defeated in a contest for Parliament, and remained in private life until 1837, when he entered the House of Commons from Maidstone. He went in as an adherent of the PEEL party, and with a reputation as a master of satire and a finished orator, though he had as yet displayed no such qualities. "On the evening when he was to make his *debut*," writes one who heard him, "there was a tremendous muster of Conservatives, and the agitation of the Whigs was extreme, the impression being general that it was a Saladin who was about to appear, whose sword could part the falling veil, while that of Sir ROBERT PEEL was cleaving iron bars. What was the joyful surprise on one side, and the rigid horror on the other, at the famous result of DISRAELI's first speech! Sir ROBERT PEEL fairly shouted out his cheers as the speaker began, but in vain. The orator began by assuming the most ludicrously affected attitude, and the flourishes and flowers of his language were in such contrast with the paucity of his ideas that the members began to titter, and as he went on there arose such shouts of uncontainable laughter all over the House that DISRAELI began to stammer, and presently broke down completely. As he took his seat he said, in words which show the confusion and embarrassment under which he labored, but also the power that was in him: 'I have begun many things several times, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.' Thenceforth for over two years DISRAELI sat in the House with no more sign of life in him than was exhibited by one of its carved griffins."

When he was heard again it was in opposition to the man and the party with whom he had originally acted, and it was DISRAELI who, in the most memorable invectives known to Parliamentary annals, drove the great Tory chief, PEEL, from power, and destroyed forever the influence of Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

Mr. EWING RITCHIE, an old *habitué* of the Strangers' Gallery of the English House of Commons, wrote of DISRAELI: "We do not read that he was eloquent, argumentative, pathetic, or patriotic. You speak of him as you would of TOM SAYERS. His admirers tell you that he was 'in good condition'—that he 'showed fight'—that he was 'plucky as usual'—that he 'hit right and left'—that he was 'up to the mark,' etc. But now for years—certainly ever since his Reform Bill of 1859—the metaphors of the street concerning him have been histrionic. He does the 'country gentleman trick'—he 'takes his benefit'—he 'came out in the third act'—he 'did the indignation well,' etc., etc. In his whole career he has been recognized only as a practiced actor, a consummate, finished politician, whom few trusted and all feared.

Mr. DISRAELI has thrice been Chancellor of the Exchequer—first in 1852, then in 1858–59, and lastly in 1866—each time serving under Lord DERBY. On the late resignation of Lord DERBY Queen VICTORIA, as already stated, appointed him to the vacant Premiership.

ECONOMY OF MATERIAL.

IN almost every productive business a part of the material used fails to appear in the result. It is lost in the process. The cost of this part of the material is, in fact, a diminution of the profits. In almost any process this wastage may be largely reduced by care. In some cases the difference between an establishment that prospers and one that is not sufficiently profitable is due to the fact that one reduces the wastage to the lowest possible degree, while the other disregards it.

The photographer's sensitive paper is prepared with a solution of silver. A certain amount of this paper is necessarily thrown out of the result, in the form of rejected pictures printed too dark or too light, and in the clippings made in mounting the perfect copies. These wasted pieces lie on the floor of the finishing-room, but if they were thrown away it would reduce the balance-sheet by a considerable sum. They are carefully gathered up every day, and are burned to extract the silver they contain. Thus a part of the waste is saved.

The desire to turn out only first-class work inclines the photographer to allow liberal margins for trimming, and to reject freely all pictures that do not come up to a high standard of excellence. The desire to reduce the waste inclines him to pass those that are not quite perfect, and to be a little close in never allowing a customer to keep a proof or have an extra picture in the dozen. The degree of good judgment which he uses in balancing such conflicting considerations as these will tell very materially upon his profits. It is plain that it is better to reduce the wastage by care in the printing so as to avoid producing imperfect copies than by merely endeavoring to rescue the silver from those that are unskillfully spoiled.

This is but an illustration of principles which apply to every business. One striking difference between the methods of artisans in Europe and those in this country is the superior economy of the former. In other respects the comparison is much to the advantage of our operatives; but it is probably true in general that American artisans are prone to be liberal with material and careless of waste. The employer often forgets that a profitable workman must not only know how to perform his direct function, but must also be able and willing to do it with a proper economy of material and a due regard to the wastage.

In some processes the waste is very great. In the imperial carpet factory of the Emperor of France, where immense velvet carpets nearly half an inch in thickness are made by hand for the palaces of Paris, about one-half of the yarn used is cut off and thrown away in shreds in the process of trimming the threads down to the proper surface of the fabric. In some processes, on the other hand, almost every atom can be utilized. Thus, in the great cutlery establishments of Sheffield, where ivory-handled table-knives are the chief article of manufacture, the ivory is cut in a clean room set apart for the purpose. Pieces too small for handles are shaped for pocket-knives; those too small for pocket-knives are shaped for little penknives; bits too small for penknives are made marketable as tooth-picks and key labels, and even the chips and the white dust from the saws and lathes are sold at a good price, for making gelatine of the finest kind. Literally nothing is lost. In this way, after the waste has been reduced to the lowest point, the residuum may sometimes be turned to account.

One of the most curious windows to be seen in the streets of Paris is that of the glove-maker. The benches of the cutters stand one behind another, in a row running back from the window, each with its journeyman at work facing the light. The foremost has his bench on the window-sill, so that one passing by may stop and watch all his motions. Before him lies a slab of black marble or oak, on which he spreads a skin that he stretches and shaves with a broad, flat instrument which is neither a knife nor a chisel nor a scraper, but a little of each. Under his hands the skin shows a wonderful elasticity. Whatever form a piece is cut in is soon lost. A long piece becomes square, or a square piece becomes long and narrow. Exhausting the extensibility in one direction renews it in the other. The "fit" of the glove depends upon the disposition made of this elasticity. The pieces must be so cut out that the glove shall give in breadth, but shall not grow longer by wearing.

The hands are first cut out from a number of skins of the same hue; and every piece and shred that is left in this process the workman puts into a jar that stands before him. The pieces thus saved are afterward taken in hand and stretched and shaped anew, and from the longer slips the sides of fingers are cut out. Pieces too short for this purpose afford the gores that are put in between the fingers or at the thumb. Scraps that are not appropriate for these purposes are laid aside, and in the other window where goods are displayed even these may be seen utilized in the form of tiny kid gloves for dolls.

The feasibility of making use of refuse fragments depends often upon the existence of a demand for such little articles as these. The immense demand for expensive dolls in Paris enables many trades to use up, in making miniature articles for them, what would otherwise be lost. Almost every article that is used by human beings is made also for dolls. The shoemaker turns his scraps of colored kid into boots, gaiters, and slippers an inch long, which are sold at from half a franc to three francs a pair. The modiste or milliner catches together her tags and shreds of lace, velvet, and ribbons to make dolls' hats. The umbrella-maker displays tiny umbrellas. Small fragments of sheet-tin and other metals are worked up into miniature utensils of every sort, some of which are for dolls and some for children, but more for various little uses of real life; for French people like to use little things for little purposes, and to have every vessel fit its function as snugly as a glove fits the hand.

Every line of trade thus seeks its own channels of economizing the surplus of material. The harness-maker and saddler produce little shawl-straps, only large enough to enable a lady to carry her water-proof or shawl, and little leather luggage labels, to be buckled to the handles of trunks, into which the owner's card may be slipped, to be changed from time to time without removing the label. The shreds from the currier's and the saddler's floor are compressed in round, flat cakes and sold with fuel, for the purpose of deadening and prolonging the fire in ranges and stoves. Some part of the refuse of the kitchen is used in France for the same purpose.

The Parisian joiner's shop affords a good illustration of ingenuity in this respect. It exhibits a display of boxes and other wood-work in which it would seem as if every chip must have been used up. There are packing-boxes of every size, from large dry-good cases down, and the series is continued in nests of little square boxes with lids hinged on with wire. Boxes for foot-warmers, jointed brackets for shelves or bird-cages, foot-stools, change-tills for shop drawers, trunks for dolls, and mouse-traps are piled in the open window. And in a glass case are protected the more ornamental little pieces; tiny boxes for postage stamps, toy and puzzle boxes, and other little articles of wood; while in the door, perhaps, may be seen a tall basket of splinters and shavings for kindling, with a ticket indicating the price.

It is to be observed that, even where a demand exists for such incidental articles, there will be a loss of time in turning the hand to their production which may counterbalance the economy of material. And many, if not most persons, will succeed better in producing a few articles in large quantity, than if they divide the attention among a number, some of which are of minor importance.

But, notwithstanding this, there can be no doubt that a vast value is annually lost in wasted material. The problem is, while maintaining the advantages of division of labor, and avoiding the loss consequent on transferring skill from one process to another, to introduce such economies of material and such methods of utilizing the wastage as shall enhance the profits of the business.

ROUNDELAY.

THE dew is pearl'd upon the grass,
The bending ferns are tipp'd with it,
And heaven has made a looking-glass
Of the gemm'd earth, and God is writ
On all that is, on all that was.

Rathe flowers hang upon the hedge—
The tapestry of Nature's looms,
And on the narrow foot-path edge
The violet lives, the primrose blooms,
The lily rises from the sedge.

A white moon sails athwart the sky,
Across the cloudy crests of foam,
And lovers' vows there seem to lie,
Like shallops on their restless home,
And seem to smile on you and me.

Queen Night has never deck'd her brow
With softer coronal of light,
Nor oped so wide to us below
The purple mantle of her might,
That we may see sweet heaven through.

Join hands, while through the finger-tips
Our hearts are met in faith and love,
And in the eyes and on the lips
Hosannas rise: look, sweet, above,
See night, and night's Apocalypse.

Come, lay thy beauty's length upon
The couch of moss, and hear the words
The stream, loved of the silent moon,
Is singing to the vesper birds;
Come, sweet, the dawn will catch us soon.

THE POPE'S PARADISE.

POPE PIUS IX. has made the Papal States of Italy truly the "paradise of fools." He has succeeded in effecting in that beautiful land such a miracle as has never before been accomplished by a human—he has there abolished the primeval curse—made labor therein to cease. The blessed dwellers in the papal paradise no longer endure the uncomfortable sweat in which it was foretold that man should eat, but this blessed privilege is accompanied by one little inconvenience, there is no bread to eat. Summer and winter, all the year round, there reigns unbroken idleness in the dominions of Pope Pio Nono. The subjects of his happy sceptre may sing and play the live-long day, for the labors of the loom and the plow never tax their strength nor occupy their hours. Free as the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; and, like the birds of the air, they neither sow nor gather into barns.

We started out to tell something of the agriculture of the Papal States, but there is a difficulty in handling the subject; and it is precisely this—that there is no subject to handle. A soil that is never plowed; fields that never bear; a country in which seed-time and harvest have ceased, furnish but slender materials—and one should think but slender temptation—for an article on agriculture. We are shut up to descant, not on plows, and oxen, and carts pressed down under a load of golden sheaves, but on marshy pools, bituminous heaps, swine, foxes, and bare earth. The husbandry of the Papal States is truly deplorable. The methods of cultivation are antiquated; capital is lacking, skill is lacking, and the very tools of labor are lacking; and soils which, in the time of the old Romans, were richly dressed, and waved with golden grain, have now fallen out of cultivation, and reverted into a desert.

For this scene of neglect and desolation the Papal Government is directly responsible. It gives no encouragement to industry. On the contrary, by oppressive tariffs, and by absurd and preposterous legislation, it does all in its power to crush it. The very implements of labor it denies to its people. The price of iron in the Papal States is usually four times that in England; and is so because the Government has placed upon its importation a duty that is prohibitive. Thus iron is beyond the reach of the cultivator: and even were it abundant, there are no mechanics in the Roman States to make the instruments he needs for tilling the soil. What, in that case, does the Government do? Why, it completes the ruin of agriculture by forbidding the introduction of machines. Such cultivation as wooden implements can give it the land receives; but that is of the poorest and most slovenly kind; and the most part of the country is left to nature, which, more kindly than the Government, covers it at certain seasons with a mild herbage. The Roman farmer gives his land neither the seed nor culture nor compost. The true foster-parent of the idleness and vagabondism which abound in the Papal States is the Papal Government; and yet it is to preserve this Government that Louis Napoleon moves all France and Europe to go to war!

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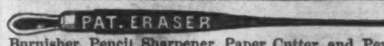

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